This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

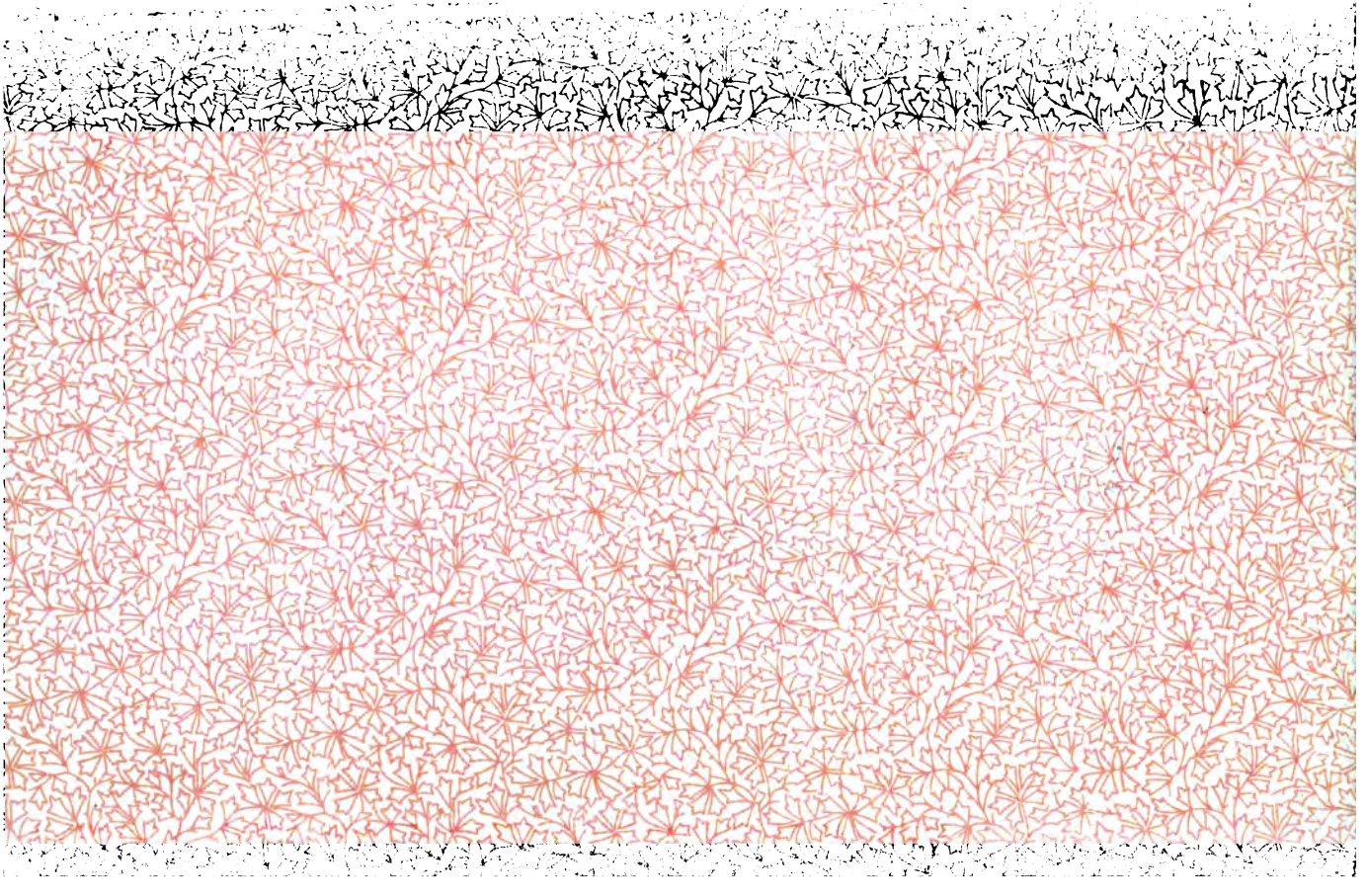
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

17487.49.5

Harvard College Library

Bought with
Money received from
Library Fines.

15 April, 1899.



17487.49.5

Harvard College Library

Bought with
Money received from
Library Fines.

15 April, 1899.

17487.49.5

Harvard College Library

Bought with
Money received from
Library Fines.

15 April, 1899.

75

ROBERT BURNS.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ALEX. NASMYTH.

ALL ABOUT BURNS.

Scotia's Darling Poet—The Poet of Humanity—Full Details of his Life—Glimpses of his Home—Accounts of his Friends—Eulogies to his Memory—Garlands from the Poets—Criticisms of his Works—Pilgrimages to his Country—Notable Anniversary Addresses.

With Various Other Interesting and Valuable Information Gathered from all Parts of the World.

BY

JOHN D. ROSS, LL.D.,

Editor of "Burnsiana," "Highland Mary," "Round Burn's Grave," "The Burn's Scrap Book," Etc.

THE SUNNYSIDE SERIES. No. 91. April, 1896. $3.00 per Year. Entered at New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

Copyright, 1896, by J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
57 ROSE STREET.

1748?. 49. 5

15

Fine money

DEDICATED TO

WALTER SCOTT, JR., ESQ.,

OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

Past Royal Chief of the Order of Scottish Clans;
a lover of Burns and all things Scottish;
a warm friend and a liberal patron of Literature
in all its branches.

"The largest soul of all the British land—a hard handed Scottish peasant."
"The most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his."
"A fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart."
"A Giant original man."

—CARLYLE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Robert Burns	9
Seven Epochs in Burns's Life	49
Living Descendants of Burns in 1895	52
Burns's Book of Poems	53
All About Highland Mary	55
Will You Go to the Indies, My Mary?	62
The Cottar's Saturday Night	64
Robert Burns	69
The Land o' Cakes	71
De Quincey's Two Views of Burns	73
My Nanie, O	74
A Burns Pilgrimage and Reminiscence	75
Rev. Dr. Walter Smith on Burns	79
Burns the Inspirer	81
The Earliest Review on Burns	81
Nasmyth's Portrait of Burns	83
At Dumfries	84
Burns and "Wee Davock"	87
Burns's Punch bowl	88
The Star of Robert Burns	89
Burns as a Guager	91
Gentle Robert Burns	92
The Humanity of Burns	96
Burns's Birthday	96
A Burns's Supper Menu	97
Burns and Human Life	98
Robert Burns	99
Frae Robbie's Cot	100
Margaret Fuller on Burns	101
Burns and Pitt	102
Robin	103
Carlyle on Burns	104
A Tribute to the Memory of Burns	112

PAGE
Burns's Cottage..... 120
The Burns Statue at Ayr..... 120
Poem Attributed to Burns..... 121
The Deil's Reply to Burns..... 123
The Meeting of Burns and Scott..... 127
Robert Burns's Centenary..... 134
The Land of Burns..... 135
Rev. Burton W. Lockart on Burns..... 142
A Descendant of Burns..... 145
The Lassie that Burns Lickit..... 147
The Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks..... 151
Mr. Ernest Rhys's Burns..... 152
The Tomb of Burns..... 154
The Jolly Beggars..... 156
A Visit to the Burns Cottage..... 160
What Ye Wha's in Yon Town..... 163
The Last Illness of Robert Burns..... 165
Whittier and Burns..... 166
Gleanings from the Poets on Scotia's Bard..... 167

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Robert Burns .....
The Tam O' Shanter Inn, High Street, Ayr.....
Burns's Mausoleum, Dumfries.....
Interior of the Mausoleum.....
Bust and Relics, Ayr.....
Kitchen Fireplace, Burns's Cottage.....
Tam O' Shanter and Souter Johnny .....
"Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk."
The Twa Brigs O' Ayr .....
Burns's Monument, Ayr.....
The Auld Brig O' Doon, Alloway .....
Tombs of the Burnses, Ancestors of Robert Burns.....

ALL ABOUT BURNS.

A STUDY OF THE POET'S LIFE FROM A LITERARY STANDPOINT.

BY PETER ROSS,

Author of "The Literature of the Scottish Reformation," "The Scot in America," "Scotland and the Scots," "A Life of Saint Andrew;" Editor of "The Songs of Scotland, Chronologically Arranged," "Life and Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling," etc., etc.

I.

THE MAN AND THE POET.

One of the few living descendants of Scotia's immortal bard has recently uttered a protest against the merciless and continual exposure, often untruthful, of his weaknesses and sins. The protester—Mrs. S. Burns Hutchinson of Cheltenham, a granddaughter of the bard—thinks that the admirers of Robert Burns might be better employed in studying his writings than his shortcomings, and, in a gentle way, upbraids editors of the poet's works and students of his life story for gloating over his frailties and neglecting his many virtues. She quotes the late Lord Young as having, many years ago, asked the guests at a Burns dinner if it were not time to let Burns's private life alone and speak of him only as one of Scotland's greatest men—her greatest poet and song writer.

In all this there is a great deal of truth, a great deal of com-

mon sense, a note of the true lines along which our study of Burns should be carried. We are not among those blind worshippers of the poet who fail to discover any faults in his character, and deny that he did things which he ought not to have done, or that he wrote much which in many ways it would have been better for his good name and fame he had never committed to paper. We regard Burns as a man, with a full share of all the faults and follies of the men of his time, rather than one who was only a very little lower than the angels. His personal life was not a blameless one; his excesses were marked and condemned even in his own age, when people were far more tolerant of moral lapses and bacchanalian revelries than now; but such things had very little, if anything, to do with the prophetic fire, the "eternal gallop" in his veins, the spirit of poetry, the essence of song that lodged in that frail body and had to find utterance, in spite of many hindrances, because they would not be still. What matters it to us that Burns sometimes exceeded the bounds of propriety, what real interest have we in his failings? These did not win for him the love of his brother Scots and a place among the immortals. We consider it the highest tribute to his genius to contend that he was great as a poet, as a teacher, as an inspirer, in spite of those weaknesses of character, those faults and follies—those sins of omission and commission which wrecked his life, as they wrecked so many other lives of his day and of ours.

His life was a brief one—too brief for Scotland and the full development of his genius. Beginning near Ayr on Jan. 25th, 1759, it closed at Dumfries on July 21st, 1796. During that short interval the sunshine and the storm followed each other in sharp succession, the laughter and tears almost constantly intermingled, many golden moments were lost, but in spite of all the legacy which that life bequeathed to Scotland was more precious, more helpful, than that given by any other since the great reformer, John Knox, rested forever from his labors.

To a certain degree, indeed to a very great degree, the memory of Burns has suffered most at the hands of the very men who aimed to do it the most honor—the writers of his life, and the editors of his writings. By the first, mainly from a love of personal notoriety, a desire to be linked, in no matter how disagreeable a fashion to the greatest of

Scotia's bards, every petty detail of his career has been ferreted out and discussed, no matter how little it may really have concerned the public; every paltry anecdote has been retold, every little scrap of information has been made the most of, sometimes without even care being taken to make sure of its truthfulness. What life could stand this scrutiny, this light as fierce as ever beat on a throne, this merciless examination into even its slightest details with the minuteness of the work of a scalpel? By the editors of his writings, in their determination to give something new to the world, their thirst for "hitherto unpublished pieces," every scrap which came from the poet's pen, and much, it is to be feared, that never came from his pen at all, has been made to take its place in his works, among the very writings on which modern critics have to base their estimate of his poetic merit. Every edition that claims to be complete is disfigured by more or less of these "sweepings of the study," these scraps which were never seriously intended, even when authentic, for publication, and the result is that being, as it were, "in evidence" we have to weigh trivialities of that sort along with such masterpieces as "To Mary in Heaven" or "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

Every editor nowadays prides himself on what new material, in the shape of anecdote, or data, or poetry, he can secure and present to the world for the first time. Possibly, for commercial reasons, no publisher would care to undertake the risk of submitting an edition of which completeness was not its first and most conspicuous quality. So every paltry litterateur who has taken Burns under his wing has welcomed a scrap from his pen or even some miserable data if he could only announce that he was privileged to give such first to the world. But for many years past such data have not been to the poet's credit, and the verses generally stuff that its author would have consigned to the fire. It is Burns's poetry that the world is concerned about, not his carousals or his amours; but people generally give the first place to the latter, as if, forsooth, they were the cause of the divine gift which has done so much for Scotland. It is claimed that to understand the poet we must estimate the man; but that is a theory which is not borne out by facts. We do not know who wrote the Book of Job, but that does not decrease our veneration and love for that magnificent

poem, and we question whether, if we did know the author, and were acquainted with his daily life, it would increase one iota our understanding of, and admiration for, that most ancient composition of the muse, apart altogether from the question of its inspiration. We know little of Shakespeare, hardly anything beyond a few dates, but that does not lessen our wonder at his matchless genius. Many other instances might be adduced on this point, and all would go to prove that for the sake of fully estimating the genius of our bard it is only necessary for us to consider mainly Burns, the poet, and not, as is too generally the case, to devote most of our attention to Burns the man.

This does not necessarily imply that we are to entirely lose sight of the personal character of the poet by any means. More than all other men who ever attained eminence Burns wore his heart on his sleeve, and his writings were the outcome of his daily experience as he passed through the thirty-seven years of life—his allotted share. But there were events of which he did not sing that have excited enquiry, debate, and comment, matters which had no more to do with his character and his legacy to the world than the mud which gathered on his shoes as he strode along the country roads of Ayrshire or walked through the streets of Edinburgh or Dumfries. It is time, now that a century has elapsed since he went down to his grave, that the useless mud spots which the critics, and the biographers, and the enthusiasts, have so carefully preserved should be allowed to fall back into their parent dust. The poet has himself told us all we need really know, and so honestly, so truthfully, and, excepting in one case, so completely that we require no other guide to form a just estimate of his character, and of the value to Scotland and humanity of that life that was ushered in amidst the moaning and the howling of a wintry blast on the 25th of January, 1759.

The late Robert Chambers, the ablest of the modern editors of Burns, essayed this task, and to a certain extent succeeded, only he deemed it, with the instincts of a publisher, his duty to preserve the mud spots and reprint all the study sweepings he could hear about or lay hands upon. He is not to be blamed for this altogether, for in 1850, when his great edition of the poet's writings was completed, Burns was still, to a certain extent, an enigma to his coun-

trymen. It was believed that there was something back of what was known, and everyone was anxious to discover what that something exactly was. Then Chambers wanted his edition to be complete, the very sentiment that has, more than aught else, helped, unconsciously, perhaps, to detract from the true meed of Burns's fame. During the poet's own lifetime, between the contents of the first, second and third editions, Burns gave to the world eighty-eight distinct poems or songs under his own editorial care. These alone sufficiently established his position as the "high priest of Scottish song." Then to Johnson's Museum he contributed one hundred and sixty-seven songs, and to Thomson's "Melodies" thirty-nine—two hundred and six in all. These two hundred and ninety-four pieces were all given to the world under his auspices, that is to say he sanctioned their publication, deemed them all more or less fit utterances from the poetic fire that burned within him. One of the most recent "complete" editions contains five hundred and sixty-four distinct poems, or two hundred and seventy more than Burns himself consigned to print. The first collected edition of the poet's writings, the earliest attempt to write the full story of his career, was given to the world in 1800 by that leal-hearted Scot, Dr. Currie. It was not a perfect work by any means. The biographer and editor lived too near the poet's own time to be perfectly outspoken in many matters which later writers had no need of regarding. He was anxious to conciliate everyone and so ensure the success of his venture and yield the greatest benefit to the widow and orphans of the poet for whose behoof his labors were undertaken. But its purpose was honest. Its shortcomings were superficial, such as could be remedied even in these days by a few notes and its aim was to endear the memory of the poet and not to uplift a memorial to its editor. Since then Dr. Currie's labors and edition have been the subject of much detraction and ill-natured criticism. Allan Cunningham, James Hogg, J. G. Lockhart, George Gilfillan, Hately Waddell, W. S. Douglas, Alex. Smith, Professor Blackie, and countless others of more or less eminence in the world of letters, have all tried to throw further light on the poet's career, or to add to the extent of his published writings. They have certainly accomplished, each in more or less degree, these objects, yet with the exception of "The Jolly Beggars" and half a

dozen other pieces which Dr. Currie rejected on account of their indelicacy or religious bearing, we could fain leave the fame of the poet to the verdict based on the four volumes issued by that best and wisest of all the admirers of Robert Burns.

We have no interest in the revels at Poosie Nancy's beyond the fact that the revels there inspired or suggested "The Jolly Beggars," and we have no concern about the details of these merrymakings, for the pleasures of what is called low life have a monotonous similarity in all ages and countries. It is nothing to us whether the poet was for a time a nightly visitor at Nancy's "houff" and rubbed shoulders on terms of equality with the gangrel bodies he met there. Nor have we any concern about how frequently in the later days he was seen in the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, for experience has shown us how very apt such stories are to be exaggerated, and, besides, they bore no part in making the fame of Burns. When tales of such debaucheries are retailed we cannot help thinking of an earlier time in the poet's career when he was accused of riot and undue partiality for the cup, and how all such stories were crushed by the simple testimony of Gilbert Burns that at the period in question his gifted brother was "not at all given to drinking." These few words from an honest man are worth a bushel of statements rashly uttered without warrant. So it would be found of the stories of riot during the "dark hours of Dumfries" were their stories honestly told. We prefer Jean Armour's evidence on this point to all the ghouls have dug up. "Burns" she told her sister-in-law, Mrs. Begg, "never indulged unless when he was in congenial company, and although he was often out at convivial meetings he never on a single occasion, however late he might be of coming home, failed in a custom he invariably observed before coming to bed, of going into the room where his children slept and satisfying himself that they were all comfortably tucked in and sleeping soundly." This is evidence that would be deemed irrefutable in ordinary cases. But even were there convivialities and "jinks" of which Jean knew not, their honest recital might possibly prove that the poet indulged too freely, but they would fail to show, as the labors of many of his so-called admirers fain would demonstrate, that he was nothing better than a bar-room loafer, a common drunkard, a pot-house sot. They

THE TAM O' SHANTER INN, HIGH STREET, AYR.

would, in fact, resolve themselves simply into a sequence of his own words :

> "It's no I like to sit and swallow,
> Then like a swine to puke and wallow
> But gie me just a true guid fallow
> Wi' right engine,
> And spunkie, ance to make us mellow,
> And then we'll shine."

That principle seemed to animate the poet's drinking habits until possibly toward the end, when the old, old story of " they that tarry long at the wine " was realized in his case as in countless others. But at that late period its insidious advances were unregarded, unnoticed, in the gloom which ill-health, perhaps disappointed ambition, and several hard knocks in the battle of life had brought about. To Burns the temptation to excesses were many from the days of Mossgiel until almost the last of earth was in sight and he deserves to be credited with his moderation, his triumph so long over these temptations rather than be held up as a horrible example, with all the degradation that such a product implies, because as the darkness was setting he may have overcome his native caution and sought temporary forgetfulness from his misery in the flowing bowl when it was virtually thrust before him. But, however all this may be, it should be distinctly remembered that whatever breaches of the laws of health and sobriety the poet committed had no effect upon his muse, or rather we are not indebted to them for what he has given us, although they may have robbed us of much. Of that, however, we cannot tell. We must just take the record as it is and estimate the genius which dwelt in the man by the results before us, and value the legacy of his harp by the strains it has sung. Nor need we gloat upon details of other breaches of the moral law. The grass has long since been growing over the graves of all immediately interested, and with their departure the sins have been expiated so far as we are concerned. The literary ghouls who revel in such details—such useless details to us for all practical purposes—should have been crushed long ago. In all that we stand side by side with Jean Armour, and surely what she could forgive the world can—now, at least—afford to condone, if not to forget.

What we want to know, what any right-minded man desires to know about Burns, are—(1) How Burns was fitted for his career; (2) how his mind developed during that career; and (3) what he accomplished. All outside of these divisions belongs to the mere man, and should have been forgotten on that 25th day of July, 1796, when all that was mortal of the bard was laid in auld St. Michael's Kirkyard, Dumfries. Now and again an escapade may have given rise to a song or a thought which the world will not forget, may even have so colored the man's career as to shape his destiny and influence his song, and in that case the escapade, whatever it may have been, is worth considering. But such influencing escapades are comparatively rare—surprisingly so, when we remember that the best efforts of admirers, biographical, editorial, oratorical, and otherwise, have been to represent him to us as a poor weak creature of wayward impulses, instead of a man who towered intellectually above his fellow men by the sheer force and power of that marvellous genius by which he was endowed.

II.

EDUCATIONAL AND HOME TRAINING.—THE POET'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

ROBERT BURNS was born in a mud-walled cottage, about as humble a habitation as could be found in Scotland; and poverty, hard and unending toil were the things he was most acquainted with when he began his life's journey. The cottage still stands near the now classic Doon, and is in itself a silent but significant tribute to his genius. From it we can almost throw a stone to the beautiful monument which was erected to his memory after his earthly career had closed, and, with the little dwelling on one side and the memorial on the other, we can estimate what mighty strides upward the bairn of the cottage must have taken to have merited the temple. Humble as the home was, and dreary and hopeless the toil, the hardships of the father and mother and of the bairns who made up the little kingdom, were sweetened by that pure content that comes from the spirit of true religion. Burns himself has said:—"It was, with the exception of a little straw, literally a tabernacle

of clay. In this mean cottage, of which I myself was at times an inhabitant, I really believe there dwelt a larger portion of content than in any palace in Europe. The 'Cottar's Saturday Night' will give some idea of the temper and manners that prevailed there."

The condition of things was little better at Mount Oliphant farm where the family removed in 1766, and where "for several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house"; nor was it much improved after 1777 when they entered upon an informal lease of the farm of Lochlea, Tarbolton, although the poet says that for the first four years on that holding they "lived comfortably."

Few men, we care not in what sphere of life they were born, had a better practical training than Robert Burns, and that he did not completely utilize that training to his own personal advantage no one was more painfully conscious than himself. He often resolved to be wise, to settle down into being a cunning agriculturist, to win a repute for his skill in flocks and herds, not only in his early days but after his experience with the Edinburgh gentry, but in him the waywardness of genius carried on through life a triumphant fight against mere earthly wisdom; and it is well for Scotland that genius won, and lent its color to the life even though its defeat would have been a gain to the man. Yet even the practical training was needed to fully develop the genius which was his birthright.

William Burnes, the poet's father, was a man of superior ability, of sterling honesty, and of deep religious feeling. "A silent hero and poet," Carlyle describes him, "without whom the son had never been a speaking one." As we read the information concerning him that has come down to us he certainly appears to have been, in one way, as gifted as his son, but his deep sense of duty kept him day and night in harness to pay his debts and maintain a roof over his family. Stern and unyielding in pursuing whatever course he deemed was right, he had the same courage which made the Covenanters take to the hillsides, and stand in array against the bloody Claverhouse and the forces of King Charles the Blackguard at Bothwell Brig. His duty, as he deemed it, next to his Maker, was to his family, and the example he set was never forgotten by any of them. Nor was his life to be considered a failure though it ended in poverty and debt in the early months of 1784.

The influence of the sainted William Burnes colored the bard's thoughts until his dying day, and it was to that influence that we are really due the constant recurrence, in one shape or another, of the refrain of "A man's a man for a' that," which flows through so much of the bard's writings, and that inspired in him such thoughts as those which, for instance, were crystallized in "Man was Made to Mourn." The story of the life of William Burnes is a sad one, about the saddest which was ever made known by literary history; yet it brings before us one of the truest types of nature's nobility, one of the most precious examples of the highest development of Scotch religion and character. Rigid and inflexible in his Presbyterianism, a Calvinist of the purest type, a believer in the direct inspiration and literal interpretation of the Bible, implicitly accepting it as the rule and guide for his life, and confidently relying on its promises for the future, he passed through his three score and three weary years in daily and direct communion with his Maker. As he was, so he desired his family to become, and as we see him, in the gloaming of his life, all his human thoughts were directed to the upbringing of his offspring, so that whatever their worldly fortunes might be, they would all meet again, and

> "Ever bask in uncreated rays,
> No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
> Together hymning their Creator's praise,
> While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

William Burnes contributed nothing to literature, but it is to him that we really owe the "Cottar's Saturday Night."

Such a father imparted to Burns a religious training, a familiarity with Scriptural themes and a theological groundwork which all the Daddy Aulds and Black Russels in Ayrshire could never have implanted. Burns was at heart a religious man, he loved to question, to doubt at times, as was the manner of his day, but from the essentials of religion he never wavered. He was by no means purely orthodox, he was not by any means evangelical in his views, but then what brilliant man of genius could be bound by the placid orthodoxy of the Peebleses, or the evangelical combativeness of the Moodies, or be aught than wearied over the hair-splitting contentions of the Auld Lichts or the New?

But the father had not all to do with the home training of Burns. His mother had her share, and the few glimpses we get of her, bring before us a thrifty Scotch housewife of the old school whose kingdom was her home, whose subjects were here bairns, and whose sovereign was her ain guidman. She had received the most meagre education, but she was possessed of a fund of shrewd common sense, a retentive memory and a warm heart. She was a storehouse of legendary lore, of old ballads and songs, and was always crooning over some of them when going about her work, or doing it with some of her bairnies round her knee. She was a cheerful woman, kept a brave front even when the clouds of life were darkest, and toiled unceasingly for the comfort of those round her. She lived long after her famous son had passed away, and was proud in the knowledge that the foremost place in Scottish poetry—in the Scottish national heart—had been freely, spontaneously, awarded to him.

As might be expected, William Burnes attended with the utmost scrupulousness to the education of his family, and from various little circumstances he seems to have been particularly careful about the training of Robert. He taught his children their letters, their first text-books were the "Shorter Catechism," or rather the entire "Confession of Faith," and the Bible. The father strove to supplement, by his own conversation, the need of other books—to a certain extent—and he discussed history, theology, geography and the rest with his bairns while they were all performing their daily tasks. By his precepts and example he inspired in them sentiments of honesty, of independence, of gratitude, of brotherly love. Then Burns (so he himself spelled his name) enjoyed the tuition of William Murdoch, and in a lesser degree of Hugh Rodger the parish schoolmaster at Kirkoswald. Between them all Robert's educational advantages were really superior to those of boys of his own age and class in his time, and we question very much whether he did not know more when he left of schooling than a boy does in these passing years when he graduates from the Grammar School. Professor Wilson summed up his study of this point by saying that "not a boy in Scotland had a better education." And yet people talk about Burns, even in our time, as an uneducated peasant, and seem to derive as much satisfaction for the thought as others do when they try to add to his glory by demonstra-

ting him to have been a sot! A young fellow who before his 18th year has read, re-read, digested and mastered such works as Salmon's "Geography," Derham's "Physico-Theology," Ray's "Wisdom of God," Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," Locke's "Essay," several of Shakespeare's plays, "The Spectator," Pope's "Homer," Taylor on "Original Sin," besides books on history and poetry, would be deemed a prodigy even in these days of School Boards and Standards; and Burns knew them all as well as his Bible, and his "Confession of Faith." Then, too, he had a smattering of French and Latin, was thoroughly equipped in grammar and composition, had studied mensuration, surveying and geometry, and possessed a wide range of information on various matters communicated to him orally by his father or his teachers. Even on medical themes he was fairly well posted for one not in the profession, for Dr. Mackenzie, the family physician, said: "When the conversation, which was on a medical subject had taken the turn he wished, he began to engage in it, displaying a dexterity of reasoning, an ingenuity of reflection and a familiarity with topics apparently beyond his reach by which his visitor was no less gratified than astonished." But all these things are well known. They have been told us by the poet himself, by his teachers, by his intimates; they are matters of record, and yet every now and again the silly lament of Burns's scanty education is dunned in our ears by men who ought to know better, or might easily know better, if they made a little enquiry before opening their mouths or taking up their pens.

III.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MUSE.—WRESTLING WITH FORTUNE.

BURNS'S educational period may be said to have closed with his nineteenth year, when he returned to Lochlea to help his father on the bleak soil of the farm. Not that he had been unacquainted with toil before, for all the Lochlea bairns had to work as soon as they were able, and many a day's darg had Robert done before this era, but now the heyday of early youth had passed and the future was to be

one of toil and buffeting; the boy had to throw off his boyishness, gird up his loins and "wars'le" with the world like his fellow men. By that time, however, his muse had begun to find utterance, although the divine fire that afterward burned into his very soul had not come to him. It lay there however, awaiting the development of the mind it was associated with. The poet himself was clearly conscious of it since reading Hamilton of Gilbertfield's paraphrase in rhyme of Blind Harry "Wallace." Its perusal aroused all the patriotism in his nature and the deeds of the doughty Wallace became one of his most dwelt on topics. Possibly it was the reading of this book that first made him conscious of a desire to sing. As he afterward wrote in connection with his reflections on this book.

"Even then a wish (I mind its power)—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or beuk could make
Or sing a song at least."

The song soon came and he commenced writing in his 17th year, with love and misfortune, however, for his themes. His early masters in the art of poetry were Ramsay and Fergusson and he followed their methods, their themes, their rhymes closely all through his literary career. From Ramsay he acquired mainly his knowledge of the wealth that lay in the field of Scottish song, and from Fergusson as well as from Ramsay he learned that the genius of Scottish poetry lay in the scenes of daily life which passed before him, in delineating the customs, the manners, the amusements and the pathos of the people. Of course in the soul—the essence of poetry—in prophetic insight, in the privilege of interpreting the hearts of the people and in his mastery of the knowledge of the springs of human nature, he far surpassed these masters long before his own genius attained its zenith. But his obligation to them for the art which enabled him to express his thoughts in a manner agreeable to the people, as well as to the critics should not be forgotten. They certainly directed his early efforts.

It must be confessed however that none of Burns's early essays are worth much, except for showing that his mind

was opening; nor can we class as anything but rhymes—experiments, rather—the productions of his pen which were the fruits of his 18th, 19th, 20th or 21st years. But for his after fame they would have long since been forgotten, and it is almost a pity that, except for biographical purposes, they did not share the fate of the tragedy which in that interval he wrote more or less fully, and which, be it said with thanks, was destroyed or has been lost. These four years were too full of the tragedy and business of life to permit the mind to wander much from the terrible problem of existence. He had fallen in love—how often we cannot tell—for in reality love making was one of the supreme pleasures of his life and at no stage of his career was there not a woman uppermost in his mind and more or less lending color to his hopes and sentiments. He commenced with the girl he sang of as "Handsome Nell," then Margaret Thompson upset his composure and his mensuration, and then Ellison Begbie claimed his heart. Many of the poet's admirers have tried to figure out that Ellison would have made a beau ideal wife for the poet, but she did not think so herself and we are of the opinion that she was the best and most clear-headed judge of the matter, more clearer-headed than even the Ettrick Shepherd who thought the failure of the poet's matrimonial intentions with this sensible girl a mistake for both parties. But we cannot linger further over these or other passing flames of the poet. His experiences in connection with them however were part of the unconscious preparation for his real life-work, but in that preparation he knew he was engaged, to a certain extent, and so he was busy seeing and studying human character and in enlarging the scope of his own observations. He mingled in many merry meetings, but over all these years hung a shadow, for the central figure in the busy household at Lochlea was "wearin' awa." Privations were there doubtless "tholed" of which the world now has no ken, and on Robert, as the eldest son, was surely to devolve the sacred duty of keeping the family together when the parent "slipped away." Under all this the poet did not lose heart, or attempt to shut his eyes to the inevitable. He got as much enjoyment out of these years as he possibly could, and certainly developed his own powers of observation, his knowledge of the human mind, and his views of life generally. He was "taking stock," as the Americans

say. He was taking the world "to avizandum," in the phrase of the Scotch judges, and when the opinion was really to come forth it was to be listened to with attention and acclaim by all men. In spite of the clouds that hovered over the farm, this was probably the most contented period of Burns's entire career. Robert Chambers says, "Gilbert Burns used to speak of his brother as being at this period, to himself, a more admirable being than at any other. He recalled with delight the days when they had to go with one or two companions to cut peats for the winter fuel, because Robert was sure to enliven their toil with a rattling fire of witty remarks on men and things, mingled with the expressions of a genial glowing heart, and the whole perfectly free from the taint which he afterward acquired from his contact with the world. Not even in those volumes which charmed his country from end to end did Gilbert see his brother in so interesting a light as in those conversations in the bog, with only two or three noteless peasants for an audience." But even then, toward the end of this period in his career, the period just before manhood, he began to weave some of his most magical rhymes. In "The Lass o' Cessnock Banks," in praise of some now unknown heroine, he produced a series of verses that sparkle with similes as though they had come from the pen of a veteran writer of the divine art, and in the popular lines of "My Nanie, O," he had himself for his hero—to a certain extent at least. But, in a poetical sense, more complete and beautiful than anything else that had yet appeared from his pen, came the song of "Mary Morrison":

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha'
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
An' yon the toast of a' the town
I sighed, and said, among them a'
Ye are na', Mary Morrison."

Professor Wilson used to declare that in his opinion these lines were the finest Burns ever wrote. While not exactly endorsing that praise, there can be no doubt that the song of "Mary Morrison" is one of the most perfect lyrics he ever composed and that with its completion he had given

evidence that he was to become his country's greatest lyrical poet. He himself in this period had discovered he was a poet, but he, as yet, simply looked upon the matter as an accomplishment rather than as a passion, as a vocation, as a gift—the most precious of all the mundane gifts bestowed on man.

IV.

MANHOOD.—ITS CLOUDS AND PROMISES.

THE pathos of the home tragedy deepened with the poet's 21st year, when, in legal phrase, he entered on his majority. It was daily becoming more difficult to make ends meet at Lochlea. The soil was poor, the yield was small, and the father was carrying on a determined but losing fight with disease. The poet seemed determined to get all the fun he could out of life before the gloom should settle. He organized a debating club among the lads of Tarbolton, became a Freemason, was constantly in love, and was as fickle and changeable in the objects of his preference as though he had been *une grande dame* of the old French monarchical regime. He had, however, fathomed the mystery of love, for in one of his earliest preserved letters he says: "It is natural for a young fellow to like the acquaintance of the females. * * * Some one of them is more agreeable to him than the others—there is something, he knows not what pleases him—he knows not how—in her company." But he wrote this when on his good behavior, and it is to be feared that when on the subject of the lassies he was not very particular about his ideas of moral duty. In fact his predilections for the lassies brought him into frequent trouble. He even caused his father some anxiety by his irregularities, but the old man—prematurely old—had a premonition of his son's greatness, and while afraid of the future, he condoned much that in any he deemed less gifted he would not have forgiven. Burns at this juncture certainly did his best. He saw that Lochlea, even under the most arduous work, was not going to yield a decent living to the family, and having had some success in raising flax he started in business in Irvine, with a

partner, as a flax dresser. The venture did not pay, however. His partner swindled him, it has been asserted, and while the poet and his cronies were "haudin'" New Year in the old-fashioned way, in the opening hours of 1782, the establishment took fire, and Burns, as he said, "was left like a true poet, not worth a sixpence." Morally the Irvine sojourn was not a healthy one; it did good in fact neither to soul nor body and it is a pity that he ever spent any of his now previous days as a resident in its midst. Of course any other town might have had as evil an influence on the poet, but a small seaport always offers opportunities for escapades, the experience of which a young man might better be without. Probably his moral follies aroused in him the stinging of conscience when he remembered the teachings of the dwining saint at Lochlea and made him think—when he was not thinking of love—of man's chief end and destiny. He searched the Scriptures and wrote to his father of the wonderful hold the 15th, 16th and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelation had upon him. He addressed himself to his Maker:

"Thou power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfill,
Here, firm, I rest they must be best
Because they are thy will.
Then all that I want (oh, do Thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny
Assist me to resign."

He ever appealed for death as an end to his depression and regrets.

"Sure, Thou, Almighty, cans't not act
From cruelty or wrath
Oh free my weary eyes from tears
Or close them fast in death."

On December 27, 1781, he wrote to his father a melancholy letter in which he said "I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life, for I assure you I am heartily tired of it." Three days later came the jollification in the course of which the flax establishment was burned. This was typical of Burns's character all through life. The in-

tervals between despondency and exhaltation were very short and one seldom held possession any length of time. This was one of the accompaniments, one of the penalties of poetic possession. Your stolid even going citizen is never a true poet, at least one of nature's own forming and moulding.

A good deal has been written, mainly upon conjecture, about the misfortunes of this episode of Irvine, but it all resolves itself into this, that Robert Burns was not a shrewd business man, and it was as well for Scottish poetry and song—for Scottish literature and nationality, in fact—that he was not. He had troubled mental communings at this crisis about his own immediate welfare; he wrote a metrical "Prayer on the Prospect of Death," and tried his hand at paraphrasing some of the penitential Psalms; sometimes, like so many Scottish youths in like circumstances, he thought he'd "go and be a sodger;" but at such times the patient, wasting figure and the helpless ones at Lochlea came before his vision. So he accepted his evident destiny and duty, and like a true man, hied himself back to the farm and again held the plough. A year of trials and tribulations followed; then consumption claimed its victim, and a melancholy procession, headed by the poet, led the way to Alloway Kirkyard, where the body of William Burns was laid at rest.

It is a lowly resting place, one of the lowliest in Scotland, but the grave of the sainted father is kept green. Around it crumble many grand monuments, and the ashes of some "landed gentry" are carefully conserved in a mixture of memorial stones, nettles, rank weeds and noxious grasses. But no weed ever grows on the grave of this honest, typical Scotch farmer, and the path around it, worn by the feet of pilgrims from many lands, is a higher, sweeter, more enduring tribute to his virtues, than though the spot had been covered by a memorial that rivalled in beauty Agra's famous Taj Mahal.

Although material prosperity did not come to him at this juncture Burns was, slowly, one would think, being more completely invested with poetic power. His thoughts at times, as was natural, took a melancholy turn. He again wrote prayers and stanzas on the prospect of death—possibly more than have been preserved, fortunately—and paraphrased several of the Psalms, essayed a story in

BURNS MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.

rhyme in his "Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie," and struck again the highest lyrical keynote in his song of "Corn Rigs." He began to dimly conceive his own future service to his country's song about this time. In his Commonplace Book after deploring the mediocre words to many really beautiful old airs, he wrote, "This has made me sometimes imagine that it might be possible for a Scotch poet, with a nice judicious ear to set compositions to many of our most favorite airs." He had also the ambition to be marked as a poet, but his ambition only led him to hope that he might—he believed the task above his powers—do for his native Ayrshire what other poets had done for various other sections of his beloved Scotland. That was about all, and for Burns it was not much. But when a man is fighting a grim battle for his daily bread, and the spirit of death hovers around his home, the heart is too much engrossed with the earth to hope for much or turn lightly to the realms of fancy. Nor did the muse dwell more freely with the poet when, in 1784, he moved with his mother and the rest of the family from Lochlea and entered upon a rental of the farm of Mossgiel. The farm was rather a large one—118 acres—and it was rented from Gavin Hamilton, who had leased it from the Earl of Loudon—the turned-up nose, consequential gentleman, with vast pretensions and an empty head, who figured rather disparagingly in the American war of independence. Burns was determined to keep the family together, and he and his equally heroic brother, Gilbert, toiled like galley slaves to this end. The poet honestly and firmly made up his mind to settle down. "I will be wise," he wrote. "I read farming books, I calculated crops, I attended markets, and, in short, in spite of 'the devil and the world and the flesh' I believe I should have been a wise man, but——." There is no use in continuing the story. Burns was a skilful agriculturist, a good practical farmer and an expert ploughman. He was thoroughly acquainted with all the routine duties of a farm, and perfectly fitted by training and actual experience to have won success in the ranks of the tillers of the soil. We have the assurance of Mr. A. B. Todd, of Cumnock, for all that, and he is a perfectly reliable authority on that point. He tells us that he invariably found Burns writing, both prose and verse "to be correct when referring to farm work, crops, seasons or customs. But in spite of all this, the poet

was not fitted by nature to be an exemplification of worldly wisdom. No better proof of this is needed than the fact that he got a blank book to put down farming memoranda and instead filled it with snatches of poetry, verses composed or recalled while at his daily toil. In reference to this Allan Cunningham wrote, "He who pens an ode on his sheep when he is driving them forth to pasture, who sees visions on his way home from market and makes rhymes on them, who writes an ode on the horse he is about to yoke and a ballad on the girl who shows the brightest eyes among his reapers, has no chance of ever growing opulent or of purchasing the fields on which he toils." The farm was a failure, and practically, after a season or two, it was left in the hands of Gilbert, who continued the heroic struggle for bread.

While the "wise man" fit was on him Burns wrote but little that was worthy of preservation, that helped his national fame, though in his "Epistle" to John Rankine he showed how complete was the mastery he had obtained over a form of rhyme which has since been recognized, almost exclusively, as Scotch. But as soon as he lost his fit of assiduity, and began again to face the storms of life and to fear that his frail bark would go down in one of them, poetry once more came to his aid and helped to temper the remorse he has confessed he experienced at his apparent failure in life. To paraphrase an old saying, "When wit [wisdom] went oot poetry came in." His experience in the Masonic fraternity, in which he soon rose to "supreme command," had given him a personal acquaintance with many of the notables of Ayrshire, and his qualities as a poet, as well as his reputation as a "prince of guid fellows" had brought him into a degree of prominence he would never have enjoyed as a "wise man." So he let the world "gang," and devoted himself to the muse. Theological squabbling was then at one of its paroxysmal stages in Ayrshire, and Burns rushed into the fray with his "Twa Herds," the first of what might be called a series of terrible indictments of the religious sentiment of the day. Such effusions as this anent the "Holy Tulzie," and that concerning "The Holy Fair" have been severely condemned for the freedom with which they handle sacred topics, and the ridicule they seem to throw on the pulpit, but no one can read the religious history of Scotland in the eighteenth

century without acknowledging that some such caustic remedy, some such bitter arraignments, were needed to rouse the Kirk from the lethargy which had overtaken it, to compel it to stop from squabbling over insignificant matters, and make its preachers turn from contemplating Satan and his abode to the higher duty of enlarging upon the bounty and providence of God and the love and sacrifice of the Saviour. These productions, it has been admitted, helped to bring this about. Even the merciless words of "Holy Willie's Prayer" tended to this end, and there are no "Holy Fairs" now in Scotland.

"The Twa Herds" gave Burns a wide local fame as a poet; it made him a marked man; henceforth poetry was the guiding star of his life, and the star was not eclipsed until the soul of the poet pierced through the gloom of Dumfries and entered into the sunshine of the everlasting day.

V.

TWO WONDERFUL YEARS FOR SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

In a poetical sense the year 1785 was one of the grandest in the career of Robert Burns, notwithstanding the daily troubles and trials of Mossgiel. He had, to a certain extent, thrown these aside with the equanimity of a genuine son of song. The struggle between worldly wisdom and poetry was now over, and poetry had won. On the opening day of that year (as near as can be calculated) he addressed that "Epistle to Davie" which so completely describes his own sentiments regarding life at that period:—

> "It's hardly in a body's pow'r
> To keep, at times, frae being sour
> To see how things are shared;
> How best o' chiels are whyles in want
> While coofs on countless thousands rant
> And ken na how to wair't."

Then after some talk about the dignity of begging, and several lines expressive of the sweetness of content, and the equal opportunity of all men, rich and poor, to enjoy the

beauties of nature, he soars to a height that even Solomon in his worldly wise Proverbs never surpassed.

"It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest
It's no in makin' muckle mair.
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast
We may be wise, or rich, or great
We never can be blest!
Nae treasures, nae pleasures
Could make us happy lang
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang."

Then came a rambling epistle of very unequal merit addressed to William Simpson a schoolmaster at Ochiltree. It contains some magnificent passages and some very commonplace ones, and forces the impression that the poet took some verses he was designing for a nobler theme and in his hurry to communicate with his admirer framed them quietly in a very ordinary setting. In reading Burns's poems we are frequently struck by this peculiarity, this unevenness in a single composition, and can ascribe it to no other reason than the dovetailing of one poem into another. This is very apparent in the composition entitled a "Winter's Night." He, we would almost think, started off to give us a poem in the manner of Collins or Gray, stopped short as if the style did not please him, and then gave it to the world with an introduction written in a very different style. None of this looseness, it may be remarked is apparent in the epistle to the Rev. John McMath which is perfectly homogeneous from first to last, and in point of beauty of thought and language second only in importance to the masterpiece in which he advised his "youthful friend." Several more epistles followed to various parties of more or less degrees of value; then came "Death and Dr. Hornbook," in a sense a precursor of "Tam o' Shanter," in that it wove into a sort of story—brought into life as it were—an old legend of the personal visitation of Satan to this world of care. But he reached a steadier flight, and touched a deeper chord in the human heart, when he penned his

lines of "Man was Made to Mourn," and he proved himself, in the words of Carlyle "brother and playmate to all nature" when he composed his lines "To a Mouse." That production, however, is more than an ordinary poem. It is a bit of human philosophy in its highest development:

"But moosie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain,
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley
An' leave us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy."

By studying some of these productions we can get an insight into the changeableness of the poet's views, the rapidity with which he viewed and reviewed whatever came before him, the ready way in which he changed his sentiments. It has been said this was due to weakness, but was it not rather a tribute to what might be called the kaleidoscopic character of his mind, kaleidoscopic as was that of Shakespeare in whom alone we perceive to a greater extent the same quality? It was in this that lay, it seems to us, the secret of his marvellous genius. In "Man was Made to Mourn" he presents a gloomy view of life, a view which did it take possession of the breast of any man would have given him the blues for a decade, if not for the rest of his earthly career. But Burns no sooner got it off than he turned to take the opposite view and in his "Epistle to James Smith," he depicts life as a very foretaste of Paradise, with its ups and downs, it is true, but on the whole an enchanted fairyland. It breathes throughout a sort of dare-devil spirit of content and even bids a blithe farewell to any reward for his muse than local fame. Then comes "The Vision" in which the spirit of Coila crowns him with the laurel and hails him as "My own inspired bard." If we keep this kaleidoscope idea in mind it will explain many apparent inconsistencies in the poet's career and sentiments. It will explain how he could in his poetry rise to the very height of moral grandeur and then turn round and wallow in sin; how he could revere his father's memory and yet not scruple to deride some of the most cherished religious views held by that father; how he could breathe sentiments that might have been proclaimed from a pulpit and yet utter the crude blasphemies of the "Ordination";

how he could praise virtue and extol vice and yet not scruple to express very frequently his contempt for ordinary decency; how he could despise aristocracy and yet write a poem to proclaim to the world that he had dined with a lord. It will explain many of the features of his love-making, especially its Clarinda interlude and many other things that at first sight appear inexplicable. Of course such a theory as this is not applicable to the majority—the very great majority—of human lives. It would not be applicable to an ordinary man, but then in this case it is the career of no ordinary man we are considering. If even a poet's soul was a star that dwelt apart it was truly the soul of Robert Burns. In judging him we can judge him by his own standard and not by the standard of other men.

But we are not done yet with 1785. It was the year also in which he produced his "Holy Fair" and immortalized "Holy Willie," a poem, the effect of which is spoiled by the evidently spurious "Epitaph" which invariably accompanies it as a rider. Then he worked his lyrical faculty by the production of one or two songs, notably "The Braes o' Ballochmyle," and his own natal song "Rantin' Rovin' Robin," and he rounded up the year with "The Jolly Beggars," the "most perfect production of its kind in the world," but which he thought so lightly of that he threw it aside into a desk or drawer and forgot its very existence. It was a grand twelvemonths' work. Its results showed conclusively that the poet had passed through his apprenticeship to the muse and was approaching the zenith of his powers.

The zenith itself may be said to have been reached in the following year—the most wonderful year in the entire history of Scottish poetry. It opened in Ayrshire, saw the past skulking around Kilmarnock, dreading arrest on a legal process, a fugitive truly on the face of the earth; it gave birth to the thin volume—the first edition of his poems; it witnessed the preparations for the voyage to the West Indies and heard the farewells to Scotland; it produced the letter of Dr. Blacklock which completely changed the poet's future plans, and it closed with Robert Burns in Edinburgh, the hero of the hour, the lion of the social season, admired, courted and patronized on every side. Amid all the mutations of this truly "changeful year," among the wonderful transformations and excitements which each day brought forth, in the poverty of a Kilmarnock back-shop

or the grandeur of a duchess's drawing-room. Burns seems instinctively to have then felt that he had reached the full maturity of his power, and threw out poem after poem, song after song, with amazing haste. In the first three months of that memorable year came that pure-cut gem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night;" the "Address to the Deil," in which he gave a picture of "the old gentleman" that has been studied from a psychological standpoint along with Milton's leader of the fallen hosts; "The Twa Dogs," a bit of satire which it seems to us is not yet fully understood; "The Vision," in which the author poured out the most secret thoughts, hopes and aspirations of his own soul, and "The Ordination," a theological contribution as far inferior to "The Holy Fair" in every respect as puir Mailie's dying words are to the lines of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." These, it must be remembered, too, were only a part of the production of these three months. Later on in the year came the idyll of "Hallowe'en," which infused new life into a dying holiday; the tender lines "To a Mountain Daisy;" the graphic birthday address to the King; his own epitaph, in which he laid bare his own follies with an unsparing hand, and apparently a conscience-stricken desire to relieve his remorse by humble confession; "The Brigs of Ayr," one of the two occasions when the poet assumed the role of a prophet (and a true one), the other being when (with equal truth) he foretold the celebration of the centennial of the American Revolution in 1876; and he wound up the year's work with the lines "To a Haggis," which have done for that ancient dish the same excellent service that "Hallowe'en" did for the venerable holiday. Next to the unapproachable "Cottar's Saturday Night" we have always thought that the most notable production of 1786 was the poem in the form of an "Epistle to a Young Friend." It is a complete vade-mecum; wanting nothing. Its philosophy is irrefutable, its maxims axiomatic, its knowledge of human nature almost superhuman. In terseness and wisdom it deserves to rank as supplementary to those Proverbs of Solomon which every schoolboy at that time knew by heart, and which have had a greater influence than most people suppose in moulding Scottish character, and so shaping the destiny of the nation. It is a poem that deserves to be analyzed and studied, and we often recur to it, especially for the reason that it ex-

presses the religious sentiments of the poet—his true sentiment as we have every reason to believe—

"The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear
And ev'n the rigid feature.
Yet ne'er with wits prophane to range
Be complaisance extended
An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

"When ranting round in pleasure's ring.
Religion may be blinded;
Or, if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor."

No man who had not the grace of God in his heart could have penned these lines. True he accepted no creed, but the time has gone past when a man can be subjected to the tortures of the Inquisition, the old horrors of excommunication, the frowns of the unca guid, or consigned emphatically to the torments of hell should he fail to accept a standard of religious belief tabulated or formulated by his fellow men. Burns believed in the mercy of Grace at a time when the Divine anger was more considered than the Divine love, and he spoke the sentiments of his heart freely and openly. We say nothing of his doubts, his fears; these were for him and him alone to answer, but we have evidence enough scattered through his works to prove that he was a believer in the living God, in the inspiration of the Bible, in the Divine promises, and that covers all. We would rather pin our faith on the simple belief that found expression in such lines as

"The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God,"

than the belief that sent thousands to the stake and perpetrated cruelties that are only equalled by the stories of deviltry that come to us from the North American redmen.

In view of what has been said and indicated, it may well be admitted that the year 1786 was the most memorable,

the most commanding, the most productive, year in the career of Robert Burns. It was remarkable in another way. Henceforth, almost with the grand exception of "Tam o' Shanter," his powers were to be devoted to the lyric muse, to the magnificent service he did to his country in adding to and furbishing up her wealth of national melody and so winning for her the title of "Land of Song."

VI.

THE LOVES OF BURNS.—EDINBURGH.

BUT the year was notable in other ways, and to them we must now revert because they were not alone interesting details in the poet's career, but because they colored more or less the thoughts of the years that yet remained to him, years too few, alas, for Scotland. One of these events was what is called "the episode of Highland Mary," an episode that is not fully understood, and is not likely to be ever made more clear to us. It is the only incident in Burns's whole life that there is any mystery about, that he did not himself in one way or another make perfectly plain to all who cared to learn, and why he should adopt such apparent secrecy is inexplicable. We have a theory, of course, that throws the clearest light on the whole subject; but then so has every one who has studied the life and works of Robert Burns. So we need not state our theory here, especially as it would bring the whole pack of Burns's critics and "caretakers" and ghouls and "admirers" about our ears. Besides, after all, it is only a theory, and we have had whole volumes of theories on the subject already. All we really know is contained in the few lines which Burns himself vouchsafed, and when we analyze them they do not harmonize; they give rise to distraction and doubt. Cromek, Lockhart and others, mainly on the vague authority of "several persons," and as a result of sort of tea-table gossip guess-work, wove a romance on the theme which only deepened Burns's own proven "mystifications," the more easily because the romance of these gentlemen and others of their kind was not founded on truth, was without a particle of evidence. Indeed, much ingenuity has been

wasted to determine the point whether Mary was a dairymaid or a nursemaid, as if such a trifling difference had any actual bearing on the matter at all. The episode cannot be unravelled and we must take it as the poet gives it to us with all its perplexities. Even the most reverent, painstaking and sensible of the modern editors, Mr. Scott Douglas, after devoting many years of patient research and thought to get at the bottom of the mystery of Mary, had to confess failure in these words: "Of this mysterious episode in Burns's life the world can never learn the full facts." A more recent investigator, Mr. Eric Robertson, raised a storm of protest by pointing out all the irregularities in the story and suggesting that Mary was, practically, merely a creature of the poet's imagination, was not a substantial Highland lass, after all. Perhaps the point that ought to be weighed most carefully in the matter as the most significant of all the features of the "mystery" is the reticence on the subject of Gilbert Burns, who must have known whatever details there were to tell as well as the desire of Burns's friends and Mary Campbell's friends to let the episode be forgotten. That it had an influence on his thoughts there is no question. But one thing is certain: The passion that asserted itself in such trifling strains as "The Highland Lassie" and "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?" had to be turned to fever heat, to be whitened by passion, to be touched with remorse, to be refined, as it were, with "a glint o' heaven" before it could evolve such masterpieces as "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven." But then, it must be remembered that long before these masterpieces were written Mary had passed away—the victim of a fever, or a broken heart—and was lying in a grave in the West Kirkyard of Greenock.

In spite of all its poetry, its mystery, its depth of romance, and its opportunities for discussion we gladly leave this theme and turn to the real heroine of Burns's life, the heroine, but for whom Highland Mary would have been no more to the poet, after the fit passed, than was "handsome Nell"; the heroine who so elevated and purified his ideas of true womanhood as to make him rise to the sublimity of "To Mary in Heaven," the wife of his heart, the fixed star of his affections, Jean Armour. He had become acquainted with her soon after settling at Mossgiel, the acquaintanceship quickly ripened into mutual love, and cul-

minated in marriage, a "Scotch marriage," it is true, but none the less perfectly legal and binding. Into the details of the matter we need go but briefly, for the details have little influence on our theme. When Jean's parents were made aware of the intimacy and the marriage they were furious. Burns's written acknowledgment of wedlock was torn, and his proffers were repudiated, although the daughter was at that time in a position where the presence of a husband by her side was essential to her good name. Some have asserted that in thus repudiating the marriage and tearing its most satisfactory evidence the union was annulled, and Burns himself seems to have been of this opinion; in this the Kirk authorities appeared to agree with him, and thus led him to imagine, when the "Clarinda" influence was in full force that he was free to offer his hand as well as his heart to that sentimental but honest, and in many ways most remarkable and estimable woman,—the Queen of his Edinburgh career. But on the other hand, it is asserted with evident truth that such a contract could not be broken at pleasure. In some circumstances the question might have been an interesting one for the Courts, had an estate or a legacy depended on its legal solution. But there is one point to be noticed, and that was that Burns honestly believed himself, so long as the declaration was in existence, to have been the lawful husband of Jean Armour. When he heard that the paper was destroyed and his reparation repudiated, he naturally became abashed and downcast, as any man might well become under such circumstances. Possibly he felt the deepest indignation against Jean's parents for their part in thwarting his alliance, his plans of reparation of the moral laws he had violated, but he never turned his heart from her who trusted him too well. He spoke lightly of the matter to his friends, professed indignation at her facile submission to her parents' wrath, but when he heard that the letter of acknowledgment was destroyed, he wrote "my heart died within me." He strove to forget her in Edinburgh, and would certainly have crowned the "Clarinda" billing and cooing, with marriage had that "mistress of his soul." been free. But the memory of Jean was never quite effaced, and even amid the glitter of Edinburgh he wrote: "I feel a miserable blank in my heart for the want of her." When he returned to Ayrshire, after the glory of Edinburgh had passed, he was once more

at her side. His fame had preceded him, he was no longer the ne'er-do-well he formerly was, and old Armour looked on Burns with different eyes. He was now perfectly willing for the union, even urged it, but the poet was so disgusted at the servility shown in the change that he now hung back. But this did not last long and in August, 1788, Jean and he made an open declaration of marriage in Gavin Hamilton's law office in Mauchline and soon after the marriage was acknowledged by the Kirk, and the poet and Jean set out on the journey of life together in a wee house in Mauchline. In this whole transaction Armour was "dour," Jean was "between the devil and the deep sea" in her filial duty to her parents and her love for the poet, and the latter was wayward, hasty and often inconsiderate. It was a trying condition all round, but Burns placed the situation beyond all question, when like the true man he was at heart, he acknowledged Jean as his wife before the world, propitiated even the Kirk, to make the acknowledgment all the more binding, and installed her as mistress of his home, as well as the true mistress of his heart. Thanks to her, Burns's home life was a happy one. We read of no bickerings or upbraidings between husband and wife, none even of those "tiffs" which are supposed to be incidental to the married relationship. To him she proved a leal, loving helpmate. She was passively blind to all his shortcomings. She fully appreciated his genius, and understood his temperament better than anyone else. She, with her evident tact knew how to remove care from his brow and meet his wayward humors with a pretty smile or a cheery sang.

As a life partner, no one was better suited to get along with the whims and shortcomings of the poet. She made for him a happy home—as happy as she could—and bore up bravely under her sorrows when she saw the crisis of her life at hand and the certainty of widowhood faced her. She was a true woman, a good wife, an affectionate mother; and her memory deserves to receive more of the praise so generously lavished on some of the other loves of the poet than it has yet received.

He immortalized her in many of his songs; he wove a laurel wreath around her as beautiful and enduring, if not as tragic, as that which he wove around Highland Mary. But there was one difference that speaks volumes for Jean's

supremacy in his heart. While he sang of her, she was before him with all the faults, frailties, and shortcomings of humanity; all the tedium, as it has been called, of ordinary daily life, while the other had passed through the veil and so become idealized long before the "lingering star" aroused in him such a force of agonized thought, and in time impelled the world, as a result of his burning words, to elevate the Highland lass into one of the heroines of poetry. And here we might for the sake of "Bonnie Jean," pause a moment to think how she well repaid the poet for the elevation on which his genius and his love placed her, by her rare devotion to his memory. She has been blamed because before her marriage she was imprudent; of that we cannot pretend to estimate the gravity and extent, we can only judge her by other women, by trying to imagine what another woman would have done in her place with such a suitor as Robert Burns in the very heyday of his passion-power and with his ideas of female purity shattered by his Irvine experience. Bnt if she fell in weakness to him who became her husband, her after life fully atoned for it. Against her wifely character not a whisper was raised, and during her long widowhood not even the clatter of Dumfries could cast a slur or raise a hint to her detriment. She survived her husband some thirty-eight years, dying March 26, 1834. Left as she was in a most helpless condition, the people of Scotland came to her aid and soon placed her beyond all fear of want, and later made her—from her standpoint—in easy circumstances. She seemed from that time to consider that she lived to guard the fame of her husband. She refused to leave the little abode in which he had died, she kept it as a show-house to such of his admirers as visited Dumfries and devoted herself, heart and soul, to the training of his—their children. How nobly she succeeded is well known. Some were taken from her in early life and laid to rest beside their father, but she was permitted to see others make their way to honorable positions in the world, while as the sunset began to fall she found herself the almost sainted centre of her children's children. She gave of her means liberally in charity, the attentions she received from high and low never affected her native good sense, and her home was a picture of content. She showed in the highest degree that quality of common sense, blended with kindness, which has done so much to

mould the Scottish character, to shape the Scottish national life, and if we were to write her epitaph, we would simply sum up her life virtues and failings with the words "a good and true woman."

The third and last influence of the year, the visit to Edinburgh, has been variously estimated. Some regard it as the central point, the culmination, of the bard's career; and so we fancy it appeared to him. It brought him into close touch with the rank, wealth and learning of his day in Scotland; it put money in his purse; it was a pleasant holiday, a notable change from the perplexities and troubles and poverty of Ayrshire, but we question if it exerted any good influence on his after career. The Ettrick Shepherd in his quaint and rambling effort to write a biography of his poetical forerunner wisely says:

"The sudden alteration in Burns's habits of life operated on him physically as well as morally. The humble fare of an Ayrshire peasant he had exchanged for the luxuries of the Scottish metropolis, and the effects of this change on his ardent constitution could not be inconsiderable." For his health and after happiness it might have been better for him and for Scotland had his Edinburgh visit not extended over a couple of weeks, and had he then returned to Ayr. That would have been the dictates of worldly wisdom, but as usual, worldly wisdom and Robert Burns could not pull in harness together. The Edinburgh experiences, in one sense might well, so far as Scottish poetry is concerned, never have been encountered, but we cannot follow their record without perceiving that they give us, as distinctly as do his poems, an indication of the real greatness, the versatility, the adaptability to place and circumstance of the poet's genius. In fact, without a knowledge of the history of his first sojourn in Edinburgh we would never have been able to fully estimate the might of his intellect, the majesty of that genius with which he was endowed. He shone in fashionable drawing-rooms as fittingly as in tavern "jinks;" he was equally at home in a Masonic lodge and cheap coffee house, and he was equally welcomed in the society of Willie Nicol, the teacher; or Sandy Wood, the surgeon; or Thomas Neil, the undertaker; as in the learned retreats and dignified gatherings of such literary lights as Dr. Blair, Professor Dugald Stewart, Lord Monboddo, and Dr. Blacklock. Intellectually he towered above them all, and

INTERIOR OF BURNS MAUSOLEUM.

to some his friendship had great results, for to that alone their memory owes its present freshness. But in spite of its experiences and, possibly, opportunities Burns's Edinburgh visit—or visits—certainly had no influence on his poetry, for he never surpassed, never equalled again, the memorable year of 1786. Nor did his extended tours yield the direct poetic return his admirers, and possibly himself, anticipated. Burns could not write to order, or essay a task in rhyme. But the inspiration of the lovely and historic scenes through which he passed in these excursions went with him, and in various ways asserted itself in its own time and place. Had Burns never stood on Bannockburn, it is likely he would never have rolled out the glorious stanzas of "Scots Wha Hae"—the best song of war and independence ever conceived, and next to "Auld Lang Syne" the most cherished anthem of the land whose every rood was dear to him.

VII.

THE LYRIC POET.—THE DARK DAYS OF DUMFRIES.

WITH the passing away, in all its various phases, "noise and nonsense of Edinburgh," as he graphically summed up that period in his career, we follow Robert Burns back to Ayrshire, and after a brief period of rest varied by love-making incidents and holiday touring, interspersed with thoughts about business and the consideration of leases and the like, we see him, really for the first time, the head of his household and comfortably settled, surrounded by his wife and bairns, at Ellisland. There we find him again essaying the rôle of the "wise man," entering anew upon life, as it were, with a sturdy determination to make a "happy fireside clime" for wife and weans, and to win independence by steadily plodding after the plough. We hear him singing "Of a' the airts," or "Auld Lang Syne," or "I hae a wife o' my ain," and find him roaming through other departments of verse in such lines as those inspired by Friars-Carse Hermitage. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop he wrote of his happiness, and avowed himself to be a sincere believer in the Bible. Indeed he tried at this juncture,

honestly, to reproduce the daily routine of the old life at Lochlea when the father daily exhorted his children, taught them their letters, and gathered the household around him at nights for worship and prayer. But he still fell foul of the religious squabbles in such productions as "The Kirk's Alarm," (a very inferior effort, by the way) and his "Address to the Toothache" had all the old charm of the meridian of his life, a meridian that had now passed. We detect here and there in his poems a weakening of expression, a slight halting in the flow of thought, but in the songs, as time went on, and troubles multiplied, the notes seemed to grow in sweetness, purity, range and power. Of his poems of this period "Tam o' Shanter" alone shows that his muse was still capable of a prolonged effort, and many believe this weird story of the farmer's ride to be the best piece he ever wrote. We express no opinion here beyond saying that the varied assortment of "best" poems according to the views of critics and readers is one of the grandest tributes that could be paid to the universality of this man's genius.

"Tam o' Shanter" may be said to close the Ellisland period. As might be expected, the soil on that now famous farm proved barren. The poet's means gradually dwindled, he sold off his belongings, gave up his lease, and fell back as a means of maintenance on his position as an exciseman —a position he had secured some time before in the hope, for the time at least, of supplementing the revenue from the farm. So after a time he whose "wood notes wild" had found their inspiration in the country had to take up his abode in the Wee Vennel of Dumfries, and life in a town—especially in a "clattering" county town like the Dumfries of that time—was the worst fate that could have overtaken a man like Robert Burns. But all during the time of transition, and after he had got settled in his new abode, he never ceased to sing. The gentry of Dumfries could pass him by and frown on him because of his escapades, he might be in continual hot water with his superiors—poor forgotten nobodies now—because of his words for liberty, his sympathy in many respects with the revolution in France, but the lyric impulse within him never faltered or ceased. Harassed by poverty; feeling deeply the snubs of the Dumfries bodies and of the little men clothed in their brief authority; sometimes seeking, as was then the cus-

tom, to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl, he was day after day sending off to Edinburgh treasures in the shape of song which all the money in the world could not command or produce. Poor himself, he was daily enriching his country's literature without thought of fee or reward, without, in fact, dreaming of either. "Gala Water," "Duncan Gray," "The Deil's Awa wi' the Exciseman," "Logan Braes," "The Soldier's Return," "Contented wi' Little," "My Nannie's Awa," "Last May a Braw Wooer," are a few, a very few, of the characteristic pieces, although possibly the most characteristic, the most deeply cherished, of them all was the wonderful strains of "A Man's a Man for a' That," the anthem, the glorification it may be said, of honest poverty, the song that has done more to soften the condition of the toiling masses in Scotland and elsewhere than all the laws and dictums of political economy.

But with Dumfries came the end. It is the custom, as well it might be, to lament the untimely death of the poet; a man is so young at thirty-seven, has apparently so many more years of life in him that to be cut off at that age seems pitiful. In Burns's circumstances, in the helpless condition of his wife and family, it was especially pitiful. There was no sign of mental weakening as the light of life neared the socket. The light the life gave out was as clear and pure, purer even, than it had ever been, yet the signs of doom were evident to many from the beginning of the Dumfries period, some four years before the end. Burns's early death had been foretold from his boyhood, and had he been merely a wise man he would have prepared for it. He never had himself any hope of length of days, but it was only for a year before he passed away and particularly after the death, in the autumn of 1795, of his little daughter, Elizabeth, who seems to have been his especial pet, that he himself had an admonition that the end was rapidly coming, that his constitution was shattered beyond hope. Rheumatic fever and irregular hours fostered by remorse, despondency and, it must be confessed, a desire to be blind to the future, made up a combination that even the strongest frame would not be proof against, and when hope fled from his breast the end advanced with rapid strides. Like his father his last hours were embittered by the importunities of creditors, and amid it all his once independent spirit broke down. Nine days before he died he penned his last

song—"Fairest Maid on Devon Banks"—and laid aside his harp forever. Appeals for help to George Thomson, the recipient of so many of his songs, and to a cousin in Montrose, were his last efforts with his pen, excepting a piteous message to his wife's father to send Mrs. Armour to her daughter's bedside. Then he surrendered himself to the gloom that was now gathering so fast; delirium set in, and with scathing, muttered words on his lips against a petty creditor who was threatening him with legal proceedings, the greatest of Scotland's poets went out beyond the darkness and the veil, and took his place among the immortals.

He died on July 21st, 1796—a hundred years ago—and on the 25th, four days later, Dumfries gave him a grand funeral, a sort of public pageant with military, a band playing "The Dead March," and sympathizing spectators lining the streets—bestowed on the inanimate clay the respect that had been withheld from the Man. There is no doubt that his fate was mourned in Dumfries, and that the hearts of the people went out in the profoundest sympathy to his widow, who, as the melancholy procession was wending its way to St. Michael's Kirkyard gave birth to a son. But the wail of Dumfries was nothing to be compared to that of Scotland when it was known that the sweetest of her singers had departed. With true Scotch sympathy—practical and easily understood—no time was lost in putting the widow and little ones beyond the reach of want, and then commenced that pæan of praise which is still heard, and is still gathering in volume, for the rare life that had been vouchsafed to Scotland, for that genius which had interpreted Scotland to the world as it had never been interpreted before.

IX.

THE POET'S MISSION AND ITS RESULTS.

THE study of Burns's life shows us more clearly than anything else that he was always striving to lift himself out of the humble position in which he was born, and the state of dependence which was so painfully kept before him in his younger days. He had not the art—and an art it is—of

keeping siller or gathering gear, but he desired to have a modest surplus of money—

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

His personal ideas of independence were of the purest sort. They are expressed in two lines of a song he wrote, in what was really the happiest period of his life—just after he had settled at Ellisland with his bonnie Jean—

"I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody."

The years during which Burns lived were years of unrest throughout Europe. The old order of things was changing. The people everywhere were desiring to be lifted up from the condition of being merely "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to which the feudal laws and the greed, jealousy and tyranny of the ruling powers had subjected them. In France the discontent culminated in the Revolution, a revolution that showed not only what a house of cards a palace or even an assembly, a congress or a parliament is when the people rise unitedly against it, but also demonstrated what license may be permitted to prevail in the name of liberty when all the barriers of law and order are overthrown.

In America that same sentiment had led to the Declaration of Independence. In Scotland and England it had created a feeling of dissatisfaction, led to riots and trials for sedition, and ultimately forced upon the royal Ministers the necessity of reform, for fortunately the horrors of the French Revolution made people in Britain "think a wee." Into all these movements Burns threw his sympathy. He praised the French revolutionists; he idolized George Washington. The movements toward throwing off established yokes, with all their crimes, cruelties and moral rottenness, as he clearly foresaw promised to bring about the equality of man, and that to him was the first and grandest step toward perfect freedom. On this theme he sang with no uncertain note, and the words he uttered burned into the hearts of people.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,"

expressed not only his sentiments but the sentiments of Scotland at the time they were written. This itself was a great thing to accomplish; but he did a grander service, when in nearly all his songs of freedom he threw in a note of hope—a note that took away the sting of the present and removed the need of immediate and rash action. Thus, as one writer has said, "Robert Burns did much for the literature of his country, but his highest service to Scotland consisted in substituting a song for a deadly weapon in the cause of liberty."

As befitting one who held such sentiments of the equality of man, the perfect manliness of Burns is one of the most prominent features of his character. In his dealings with his fellow men he was never guilty of a dishonorable action. With his servants on the farm he was a friend. One instance of his manliness may be narrated on account of its honorable history to all concerned. From the profits of his Edinburgh edition the poet advanced £180—nearly one-half—as a loan without interest to his brother, with whom the mother and younger members of the family had made their home. When Burns died the loan was still outstanding, but Mrs. Burns, pressing as was her own need, refused to try to collect it, because she knew that such a course meant ruin to the debtor. It was twenty-four years after Burns's death that Gilbert managed to repay the debt, without interest; and the widow at once applied it, according to Robert Chambers, "to relieve another member of the family from the pressure of poverty."

To interpret the hearts of the people, to put their sentiments into song, to condense into glittering lines their hopes and ambitions, to express their moods, to so write that in the sweetest form of poetry—the lyrical—they can find reproduced their varying thoughts, their joys, their sorrows, their troubles and perplexities, was the mission of Robert Burns. How well he performed that mission the world now knows and acknowledges. He himself passed through life with much bitterness in his heart, because in his own case his personal hopes were never fulfilled; but he never for a moment forgot that he was a poet, and one who had something to say that was well worth saying, something that the people must hear. Even in the sad days of Dumfries, when neglect and contumely were being heaped upon him by "the Dumfries aristocracy," he never lost

sight of his high calling. "Ah! Jean," he said to his wife, when the clouds were darkest, "they will ken me better a hundred years hence than they do now." So he sang on until the hand of death was fairly upon him; and every Scottish heart and every Scottish hearth has been made brighter and happier by the songs.

Had Burns done nothing more than elevate the minstrelsy of his native country he would have done a grand service to what is now the land of song, and earned an undying place in its literature. Scotland had many song-writers before Burns, but most of their songs were of the lips; Burns's lyrics were of the heart, went to the heart, and were sung back from the hearts of those who re-uttered them. "The song," writes Carlyle, "he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is a thing felt, really there. The prime merit of his singing, as of all in him, and of his life generally, is truth." In another place Carlyle classes Burns as the greatest man of his century, and ascribes to him all the attributes of preëminence among men—the greatness of a seer, a prophet, a leader; and all that high-standard greatness is now accorded to the bard of Ayr by the world at large. "Burns," wrote Taine, the gifted French historian, "was so much in advance of his time that it took forty years to catch him." To us it would appear that it has taken much longer than that. But now his "shrines," the places associated with his life career, are carefully pointed out over all his native land, and visitors gaze on them with deeper feelings because they are associated with the name of Robert Burns. We wander in his footsteps along the "banks of the clear winding Devon," stand with him at Foyers and catch his patriotic enthusiasm as we gaze on Bannockburn with "Scots wha hae" ringing in our ears. Where, too, in all braid Scotland is there a ruin more tenderly regarded than auld Alloway Kirk, in front of which his father lies buried, and where he, also, at one time expected to sleep after the troubles of life were over? In Auld Reekie itself, the city of "palaces and towers" whose every street is associated with romance, and where reminders of the past and present glories of the country meet us at every turn, what is more dear to the lover of poetry than that quaint little lodge room in the very heart of the now sadly bedraggled Canongate where Burns was first publicly acclaimed as "Caledonia's Bard" amidst the

plaudits of a gathering of representatives from among the very men whose own genius and literary taste gave them the inherent right to bestow on the farmer-poet such an emphatic recognition of his worth? Lincluden Abbey acquired a new charm when Burns made it his theme and even the beauties of Kenmore were but dimly appreciated, until by his marvellous descriptive power he laid them bare before all who chose to read.

Year after year since Burns "passed from the judgment of Dumfries" his fame has been extended, and his memory has become dearer as time has rolled on. He has had, he still has, his detractors, but so have all men who have emerged by their own ability from the ranks of the "rascall multitude." Even the pulpit has fulminated against the tributes paid to his genius, fulminations caused as often by the foolish praise of admirers as by a real want of study or knowledge of the poet and his sentiments. But we have noticed, especially in these later days, that those who openly try to bespatter the memory of Burns are growing yearly fewer in numbers and less eager in their attacks. Perhaps only one Scot in a thousand can be found now who will fail to avow that Scotland is better for Burns having lived in it and that his own pride in being a Scotsman is deepened by the fact that he is a countryman of him who sang of "Auld Lang Syne."

But his fame does not now belong to the land which gave him birth. It is part of the poetic heritage of the world at large; and Scotia's bard is recognized as the poet of the people wherever people have risen so much above the commonplace of life as to be able to think a little about humanity. For that is now his proudest title—the Poet of Humanity. The world has singers to whom it gives a higher poetic crown; it has poets whose stirring lines lie entombed on our bookshelves in solitary grandeur, but closer to the heart than any epic ever written come the songs of Robert Burns, the sweet singer of Scotland, who has sung for all mankind.

"No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover;
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over."

SEVEN EPOCHS IN BURNS'S LIFE.

First Epoch—Alloway.

Seven years were passed in the Auld Clay Biggin at Alloway, from the 25th of January, 1759, until the Whitsuntide of 1766.

Second Epoch—Mount Oliphant.

Eleven years (from his seventh to his eighteenth year) were passed in the farm at Mount Oliphant, from the Whitsuntide of 1766 until the Whitsuntide of 1777.

Third Epoch—Lochlea.

Six years (from his eighteenth to his twenty-fourth year) were passed in the farm at Lochlea, from the Whitsuntide of 1777 until the Martinmas of 1783.

Fourth Epoch—Mossgiel.

Three years (from his twenty-fourth to his twenty-seventh year) were passed at Mossgiel, from the Martinmas of 1783 until the Martinmas of 1786.

Fifth Epoch—Edinburgh.

Nearly two years (from his twenty-eighth on into his twenty-ninth year) were passed in Edinburgh, or in tours to the south, and into the West Highlands.

Sixth Epoch—Ellisland.

Three years (from his twenty-ninth to his thirty-second year), from the Whitsuntide of 1788, nearly the end of 1791, were passed at the farm of Ellisland.

Seventh Epoch—Dumfries.

Five years, from the end of 1791, until the 21st of July, 1796, when he died (at the age of thirty-seven years and six months), were passed in the town of Dumfries, first in the Wee Vennel, now known as Bank Street, and finally in a narrow street near the church, now called Burns Street, in memory of its having been the last place of residence of the National Poet of Scotland.

THE FAMILY OF WILLIAM BURNES.

WILLIAM BURNES and AGNES BROWN were Married together, 15th December, 1757 :—

" Had a son,.....ROBERT,.....25th Jan., 1759
Had a son,.....Gilbert,.....28th Sept., 1760
Had a daughter,. .....Agnes,.....30th Sept., 1762
Had a daughter,.....Annabella,.....14th Nov., 1764
Had a son,.....William,.....30th July, 1767
Had a son,..... .....John,.....10th July, 1769
Had a daughter,.....Isabella,.....27th June, 1771."

A LIST OF THE POET'S DESCENDANTS.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Gilbert.....	born..	Sept. 28, 1760..	died..	April 8, 1827
Agnes.....	„ ..	Sept. 30, 1762..	„ ..	April 8, 1834
Annabella.....	„ ..	Nov. 14, 1764..	„ ..	March 2, 1832
William	„ ..	July 20, 1767..	„ ..	July 24, 1790
John	„ ..	July 10, 1769..	„ ..	July 24, 1783
Isabella.....	„ ..	June 27, 1771..	„ ..	Dec. 4, 1858

GILBERT'S CHILDREN.

Gilbert Burns married Jean Breckenridge, (a relation of Sir James Shaw), who was born in Kilmarnock, 6th February, 1764, and had issue :—

William	born..	May 15, 1792..	died.....	
James.....	„ ..	April 14, 1794..	„ ..	June 22, 1847
Thomas	„ ..	April 10, 1796..	„ ..	Jan. 23, 1871
Robert.....	„ ..	Nov. 22, 1797..	„ ..	1839
Janet.....	„ ..	May 23, 1799..	„ ..	Oct. 30, 1816
Agnes.....	„ ..	Nov. 16, 1800..	„ ..	Sept. 14, 1815
John.....	„ ..	July 6, 1802..	„ ..	Feb. 26, 1827
Gilbert.....	„ ..	Dec. 24, 1803..	„	.....
Anne.....	„ ..	Sept. 12, 1805..	„	
Jean	„ ..	June 8, 1807..	„ ..	Jan. 4, 1827
Isabella	„ ..	May 17, 1809..	„ ..	July 3, 1815

Children of Isabella (Mrs. Begg.)

William.....	born..	July 29, 1794..	died..	May 15, 1864
John.....	„	..April 27, 1796..	„	..Oct. 11, 1867 (In Kilmarnock).
Robert Burns.....	„	.. —— 1798..	„	..July 25, 1876
Agnes Brown.....	„	..April 17, 1800..	„	.....
Gilbert.....	„	..Feb. 16, 1802..	„	.....
Jane Breckenridge..	„	..April 16, 1804..	„	..July 7, 1822
Isabella Burns.....	„	..April 27, 1806..	„	.....
James Hope.....	„	..Feb. 2, 1809..	„	..Nov. 2, 1840
Edward Hamilton...	„	..Aug. 12, 1811..	„	..May 2, 1824

Grandchildren of Mrs. Begg.

John Begg, eldest son of Robert Burns Begg, Schoolmaster of Kinross, became partner in Kinneil Ironworks, Linlithgow, and died 28th September, 1878.

Robert Burns Begg, fourth son of Robert Burns Begg, born 1st May, 1833, is a Solicitor in good practice in Kinross.

The Poet's Illegitimate Children.

Elizabeth Burns (dear-bought Bess), daughter of Elizabeth Paton, was born in November, 1784; married John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, and died on January 8th, 1817, leaving several children.

Elizabeth Burns, daughter of Ann Park (a niece of Mrs. Hyslop of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries), was born on 31st March, 1791; married John Thomson, a retired soldier; and had issue:—

Jean Armour Thomson,
Robert Burns Thomson,
Agnes Thomson,
James Thomson,
Eliza Thomson,
Sarah Thomson,
Maggie Thomson.

Agnes became Mrs. Watson; Eliza became Mrs. M'Lellan; and Maggie, the wife of the late David Wingate, the well-known Scottish Poet.

LIVING DESCENDANTS OF BURNS, IN 1895.

It may not be as widely known as it ought to be that there are members of the direct line of Burns's family still living who form connecting links with a past that is generally deemed, in a vague way, so far removed from the present as to be more a chapter of national history than a record of personal experience. Mrs. Sarah Burns Hutchinson, the only surviving member of the first family of Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns (the fourth son of the poet), who lives in Cheltenham with her half-sister, Annie Burns, the only child of his second marriage, is perhaps the sole individual living who directly connects the poet's household with the present generation. Born in India, she was sent home an infant on the death of her mother, and placed under the care of her grandmother, "Bonnie Jean," with whom she lived till the death of the latter, at the date of which event she was twelve years old. Her son, Robert Burns Hutchinson, is the only male descendant of Burns in the direct line living at the present day. He is employed as a clerk in a shipping insurance office in Chicago; and it will perhaps be remembered that about eighteen months ago he was set upon in that city by a gang of robbers, and almost murdered. An appeal on his behalf was at that time made through the medium of a section of the Scottish Press, to which the response was anything but gratifying. During the time he was incapacitated, the support of his household was cheerfully undertaken by his devoted mother. We have received several communications from the estimable lady. References to the family genealogy are scattered through the correspondence, but so mixed up with matters of a more private nature, that we deem it best to submit them in our words in a collected form:—Robert, the eldest son of the poet, had one daughter, Eliza, who was taken out to India by Colonel James Glencairn Burns in 1833, where she married a Dr. Everitt of the Madras Medical Service. They returned from India in 1839, and Dr. Everitt died the following year. Their issue was a daughter, who married Mr. Mathew Thomas, a connection of her father's family. She lives at Martinstower, Killiwick, County Wexford, Ireland, where her husband farms the Everitt estate. They have no family. Colonel William Nicol Burns married Catherine, daughter of

R. Crone, Esq., Dublin, and died without issue. Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns married, firstly, Sarah, daughter of James Robinson, Esq., of Sunderland, by whom he had issue, one son and two daughters, of whom Sarah Burns Hutchinson is the only survivor. She was born in India. Her mother dying at her birth, she was sent home an infant and brought up by her grandmother "Bonnie Jean," with whom she lived till the latter's death. She married Dr. B. W. Hutchinson, who died in Australia, and her family consists of one son and three daughters. This son, Robert Burns, the only living male descendant of Burns in the direct line, is, as we have said clerk in a shipping insurance office in Chicago. He is married, and at the present date his issue is one daughter. The eldest daughter, Annie Vincent Burns Hutchinson, married a Mr. James Scott, who possessed vineyards near Adelaide, Australia. They have no issue and still live in Australia. The second daughter, Violet Burns Hutchinson, married, in 1889, George Gowrney, M. A., headmaster, junior department, of Berkhamstead Grammer School, Hertfordshire. They have no family. The third daughter, Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, is unmarried, and lives with her mother at Cheltenham. Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Captain Beckett of Enfield, who died in 1845, leaving one daughter, Annie Burns. She is unmarried, and lives with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Burns Hutchinson, in Cheltenham. Mr. M'Naught gives a number of interesting letters from Mrs. Hutchinson, the last being dated so recently as December 8th, 1893.

BURNS'S BOOK OF POEMS.

"*Excerpt from Minute of Meeting of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, held at Edinburgh on 10th January, 1787:—*

Present Lord ELIBANK, *Preses.*

The Duke of Gordon.	The Earl of Glencairn.
Lord Maitland.	Lord Haddo.
Lord Elphinston.	Sir Archibald Hope.
Sir Wm. Maxwell.	Sir John Whitefoord.
Sir John Scott.	Sir Wm Cunninghame.

John Rutherfurd, Esq.
Wm. M'Dowall, Esq.
Colonel Wemyss.
Andw. M'Dowall, Esq.
John M'Donald, Esq.
Duncan Campbell, Esq.
William Hamilton, Esq.
Alexr. Cunningham, Esq.
Andw. Houston, Jordanhill.
Alexander Duncan, Esq.
Captain Ross.
Captain Douglass.
Andrew Houston, Calderhall.

"A motion being made by the Earl of Glencairn, and seconded by Sir John Whitefoord, in favor of Mr. Burns, of Ayrshire, who had dedicated the new edition of his poems to the Caledonian Hunt—

"The meeting were of opinion that, in consideration of his superior merit, as well as of the compliment paid to them, Mr. Hagart should be directed to subscribe for one hundred copies, in their name, for which he should pay to Mr. Burns, twenty-five pounds, upon the publication of his book."

LIST OF THE SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE FIRST EDITION.

	Copies.
Mr. Aitken, of Ayr,.....	145
Robert Muir, Kilmarnock,.....	72
Gilbert Burns, Mossgiel,.	70
James Smith, Mauchline,	41
Gavin Hamilton, Mauchline,.....	40
John Logan, Esq., Laight,.....	20
John Kennedy, Dumfries House,.....	20
Mr. M'Whinnie, Ayr,.....	20
Carry over,...	428

	Copies.
Amount brought over,....	428
David Sillar, Irvine,.....	14
Wm. Niven, Maybole,.....	7
Walter Morton, Cumnock,.....	6
John Neilson, Cumnock,.	5
The Author,.....	3
The Printer,.....	70
Sundry persons,.....	67
Total,...	600

Mrs. Begg has noted the fact that, so very scarce did copies become within a few weeks after publication, the inmates at Mossgiel had to wait till the appearance of the Edinburgh edition before they had an opportunity of read-

BUSTS AND RELICS, AYR.

ing their brother's poems in print. The poet, in his autobiography, says that he cleared nearly £20 by the adventure, after paying outlays; but, from the account between the poet and the printer, Burns's profits ought to have exceeded fifty pounds.

PRICES OBTAINABLE FOR A FIRST EDITION OF BURNS.

Copies measuring	7 inches,...	say	£30	
Do.	7¼ "	"	45	
Do.	7½ "	"	60	
Do.	7¾ "	"	75	
Do.	8 "	"	90	
Do.	8⅛ "	"	100	
Do.	8¼ "	"	110	
Do.	8⅜ "	"	122	10s
Do.	8½ "	"	135	
Do.	8⅝ "	"	147	10s
Do.	8¾ "	"	160	
Do.	8⅞ "	"	175	
Do.	9 "	"	190	
If in the original boards, and with the label on the back,	... ...	"	200	

ALL ABOUT HIGHLAND MARY.

BY THEODORE F. WOLFE, A. M., M. D.

THERE is no stronger proof of the transcending power of the genius of Burns than is found in the fact that, by a bare half dozen of his stanzas, an humble dairy servant,—else unheard of outside her parish, and forgotten at her death—is immortalized as a peeress of Petrarch's Laura and Dante's Beatrice, and has been, for a century, loved and mourned of all the world.

We owe much of our tenderest poesy to the heroines whose charms—oft apparent only to the poets—have attuned the fine fancy and aroused the impassioned muse of enamored bards; readers have always exhibited a natural

avidity to realize the personality of the beings who inspired the tender lays—prompted often by mere curiosity, but more often by a desire to appreciate the tastes and motives of the poets themselves. How little is known of Highland Mary, the most famous heroine of modern song, is shown by the brief, incoherent and often contradictory allusions to her which the biographies of the plowman-poet contain. This paper—prepared during a sojourn in "The Land o' Burns"—while it adds a little to our meager knowledge of Mary Campbell, aims to present consecutively and congruously so much as may now be known of her brief life, her relations to the bard and her sad, heroic death.

She first saw the light, in 1764, at Ardrossan, on the coast of Ayrshire, fifteen miles northward from the "auld town of Ayr." Her parentage was of the humblest, her father being a sailor before the mast, and the poor dwelling which sheltered her was in no way superior to the meanest of those which we find to-day on the narrow streets of her village. From her birthplace we see, across the Firth of Clyde, the beetling mountains of the West Highlands where she afterward dwelt, and, southward, the great mass of Ailsa Craig looming, a gigantic pyramid, out of the sea.

Mary was named for her paternal aunt, wife of Peter McPherson, a ship-carpenter of Greenock, in whose house Mary died. In Mary's infancy her family removed to the vicinage of Dunoon—on the western shore of the Firth, eight miles below Greenock—leaving the oldest daughter at Ardrossan where she married one Anderson. Mary grew to young womanhood near Dunoon, then returned to Ayrshire and found occupation at Coilsfield near Tarbolton, where her acquaintance with Burns soon began. He once told a lady of rank that he first saw Mary while walking in the woods of Coilsfield and first spoke with her at a rustic merrymaking and, "having the luck to win her regards from other suitors," they speedily became intimate. At this period of life Burns's "eternal propensity to fall in love" was unusually active, even for him, and his passion for Mary (at this time) was one of several which engaged his heart in the interval between the reign of Ellison Begbie—the lass of "twa rogueish een"—and that of "Bonnie Jean." Mary subsequently became a servant in the house of Burns's landlord, Gavin Hamilton, a lawyer of Mauchline, who had early recognized the genius of the bard and

admitted him to an intimate friendship despite his inferior condition. When Hamilton was persecuted by the kirk for neglect of its ordinances, Burns, partly out of sympathy with him, wrote the satires, "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Twa Herds," and "The Holy Fair," which served to unite the friends more closely and brought the poet often to the house where Mary was an inmate.

We find this house—a sombre structure of stone, little more pretentious than its neighbors—still standing on the shabby street not far from Armour's cottage, the church of "The Holy Fair" and "Posie Nansie's" inn, where the "Jolly Beggars" used to congregate. Among the dingy rooms shown us in Hamilton's house is that in which he married Burns to "Bonnie Jean" Armour.

The bard's niece, Miss Begg of Bridgeside, has told the writer that she often heard Burns's mother describe Mary as she saw her at Hamilton's; she had a bonnie face and form, complexion of unusual fairness, soft blue eyes, a profusion of shining hair which fell to her knees, a slender and *petite* figure which made her seem younger than her twenty summers, a bright smile and pleasing manners, which won the old lady's heart. This description is, in superlative phrase, corroborated by Lindsay in Hugh Miller's "Recollections:"—she was "beautiful, sylph-like," bust and neck were "exquisitely moulded," her bare arms and feet "had a statue-like symmetry and marble-like whiteness," but it was in her lovely countenance that "nature seemed to have exhausted her utmost skill"—"the loveliest creature I have ever seen," etc. All who have written of her have noticed her sprightly beauty, her good sense, her modesty and self-respect. But these qualities were now insufficient to hold the roving fancy of Burns, whose "susceptbility to immediate impressions" (so-called by Byron, who had the same failing) passes belief. His first ephemeral fancy for Mary took little hold upon his heart and the best that can be said of it is that it was more innocent than the loves which came before and after it. Within a stone's throw of Mary dwelt Jean Armour, and when the former returned to Coilsfield, he promptly fell in love with Jean and solaced himself with her more buxom and compliant charms.

It was a year and a half later, when his intercourse with Jean had burdened him with grief and shame, that the tender and romantic affection for Mary came into his life. She was

yet at Coilsfield and while he was in hiding—his heart tortured by the apparent perfidy of Jean and all the countryside condemning his misconduct—his intimacy with Mary was renewed; his quickened vision now discerned her endearing attributes, her trust and sympathy were doubly precious in his distress, and awoke in him an affection such as he never felt for any other woman. During a few brief weeks the lovers spent their evenings and Sabbaths together, loitering amid the

> banks and braes and streams around
> The castle of Montgomery,

talking of the golden days that were to be theirs when present troubles were past; then came (May 14, 1786) the parting which the world will never forget, and Mary relinquished her service and went to her parents at Campbeltown—a port of Cantyre behind "Arran's mountain isle." Of this parting Burns says, in a letter to Thomson; "we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May in a sequestered spot on the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to prepare matters among her friends for our projected change of life." The lovers of Burns linger over this final parting and detail the impressive ceremonials with which the pair solemnized their betrothal: they stood on either side of a brook, they laved their hands in the limpid water and scattered it in the air to symbolize the purity of their intentions, clasping hands above an open Bible they swore to be true to each other forever, then exchanged Bibles and parted never to meet more. It is not strange that when death had left him nothing of her but her poor little Bible, a tress of her golden hair and a tender memory of her love, the recollection of this farewell remained in his soul forever. He has pictured it in the exquisite lines of "Highland Mary" and "to Mary in Heaven."

In the monument at Alloway—between the "auld haunted kirk" and the bridge where Maggie lost her tail—we are shown a memento of the parting; it is the Bible which Burns gave to Mary and above which their vows were said. At Mary's death it passed to her sister, at Ardrossan, who bequeathed it to her son William Anderson; subsequently it was carried to America by one of the family, whence it has been recovered to be treasured here. It is a poor

pocket edition in two volumes; within the cover of the first, the hand of Burns has written: "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord." Within the second: "Thou shalt not forswear thyself but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." Upon a blank leaf of each volume is impressed Burns's masonic signet, with the signature "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," written beneath, and to the cover of one volume is attached a lock of poor Mary's long, bright hair—her spinning-wheel is preserved in the adjoining cottage.

A visit to the scenes of the brief passion of the pair is a pleasing incident of our Burns pilgrimage. Coilsfield House is little changed since Mary dwelt beneath its roof—a great rambling edifice of gray, weather-worn stone with a row of white pillars aligned along its façade, its massive walls embowered in foliage and environed by the grand woods which Burns and Mary knew so well. It was then a seat of Colonel Hugh Montgomerie, Earl of Eglintoune, a patron of Burns, and is now owned by a Mr. Patterson. The name Coilsfield is derived from Coila, the traditional appellation of the surrounding district, now called Kyle. The grounds comprise a billowy expanse of wood and sward; great reaches of turf, dotted with trees already venerable when the lovers here had their tryst a hundred years ago, slope away from the mansion to the Faile and border its murmuring course to the Ayr. Here we trace with romantic interest the wanderings of the pair during the swift hours of that "last day of parting love," their lingering way 'neath the "wild woods thickening green"—by the pebbled shore of Ayr to the brooklet where their vows were made and thence, along the Faile, to the woodland shades of Coilsfield where—at the close of that winged day—"pledging oft to meet again, they tore themselves asunder." Howitt found at Coilsfield a thorn-tree, called by all the country "Highland Mary's thorn," and believed to be the place of the final parting; years ago the tree was notched and broken by souvenir seekers—if it be still in existence the present occupant of Coilsfield is unaware.

At the time of his parting with Mary, Burns had already resolved to emigrate to Jamaica, and it has been supposed—from his own statements and those of his biographers—that the pair planned to wed and emigrate together; but Burns soon abandoned this project and, perhaps, all thought

of marrying Mary. The song commencing "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?" has been quoted to show he expected her to accompany him, but he says, in an epistle to Thomson, that this was his farewell to her and in another song—written while preparing to embark—he declares that it is leaving Mary that makes him "wish to tarry." Further, we find that with the first nine pounds received from the sale of his poems, August, 1786, he purchased a single passage to Jamaica—manifestly having no intention of taking her with him.

Her being at Greenock in October, enroute to a new place of service at Glasgow, as some of his biographers have discovered, indicates she had no hope that he would marry her, then or soon. True, he afterwards said she came to Greenock to meet him, but it is certain that he knew nothing of her being there until after her death. During the summer of 1786, while she was preparing to wed him, he indited two love songs to her, but they are not more glowing than those of the same time to several inamoratas,—less impassioned than the "Farewell to Eliza" and allusions to Jean in "Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains"—and barely four weeks after his ardent and solemn parting with Mary we find him writing to Brice: "I do still love Jean to distraction." Poor Mary! Possibly the fever mercifully saved her from dying of a broken heart.

The poet's anomalous affectional condition and conduct may perhaps be explained by assuming that he loved Mary as the "creature of a dream," with a refined and spiritual passion so different from his love for others—and especially from his conjugal love for Jean—that the passions could coexist in his heart. The alternative explanation is that his love for Mary, while she lived, was by no means the absorbing passion which he afterward believed it to have been. When death had hallowed his memories of her love and of all their sweet intercourse—beneficent death! that beautifies, ennobles, irradiates, in the remembrance of survivors, the loved ones its touch has taken!—then his soul, swelling with the passion that throbs in the strains of "To Mary in Heaven," would not own to itself that its love had ever been less.

Mary remained at Campbeltown during the summer of 1786. Coming to Greenock in the autumn, she found her brother sick of a malignant fever at the house of her aunt;

bravely disregarding danger of contagion, she devoted herself to nursing him, and brought him to a safe convalescence only to be herself stricken by his malady and to rapidly sink and die, a sacrifice to her sisterly affection.

By this time the success of his poems had determined Burns to remain in Scotland, and he returned to Mossgiel, where tidings of Mary's death reached him. His brother relates that, when the letter was handed to him, he went to the window to read it, then his face was observed to change suddenly, and he quickly went out without speaking. In June of the next year he made a solitary journey to the Highlands, apparently drawn by memory of Mary. If, indeed, he dropped a tear upon her neglected grave and visited her humble Highland home, we may almost forgive him the excesses of that tour—if not the renewed *liaison* with Jean which immediately preceded, and the amorous correspondence with "Clarinda" (Mrs. M'Lehose) which followed it.

Whatever the quality or degree of his passion for Mary living, his grief for her dead was deep and tender, and expired only with his life. Cherished in his heart, it manifested itself now in some passage of a letter—like that to Mrs. Dunlop—now in some pathetic burst of song—like "The Lament" and "Highland Mary"—and again in some emotional act. Of many such acts, narrated to the writer by Burns's niece, the following is, perhaps, most striking: The poet attended the wedding of Kirstie Kirkpatrick, a favorite of his, who often sang his songs for him, and, after the wedded pair had retired, a lass of the company—being asked to sing—began "Highland Mary." Its effect upon Burns "was painful to witness, he started to his feet, prayed her in God's name to forbear, then hastened to the door of the marriage chamber and entreated the bride to come and quiet his mind with a verse or two of 'Bonnie Doon.'"

But the lines of "To Mary in Heaven" and the pathetic incidents of their composition show most touchingly how he mourned his "fair-haired lassie" years after she ceased to be. It was at Ellisland, October 20, 1789, the anniversary of Mary's death, an occasion which brought afresh to his heart memories of the tender past: Jean has told us of his increasing silence, and unrest as the day declined, of his aimless wandering by Nithside at nightfall, of his rapt

abstraction as he lay pillowed by the sheaves of his stack-yard, gazing entranced at the "lingering star" above him till the immortal song was born.

Poor Mary is laid in the burial-plot of her uncle in the west kirkyard of Greenock, near Crawford Street; our pilgrimage in Burns-land may fitly end at her grave. A path-way, beaten by feet of many reverend visitors, leads us to the spot.

It is so pathetically different from the scenes she loved in life—the heather-clad slopes of her Highland home, the seclusion of the wooded braes where she loitered with her poet-lover. Scant foliage is about her; few birds may sing above her here. She lies by the wall, narrow streets hem in the enclosure, the air is sullied by smoke from factories and from steamers passing within a stone's-throw on the busy Clyde, the clanging of many hammers and the discordant din of machinery and traffic invade the place and sound in our ears as we muse above the ashes of the gentle lassie.

For half a century her grave was unmarked and neglected, then, by subscription, a monument of marble, twelve feet in height, and of graceful proportions, was raised. It bears a sculptural medallion representing Burns and Mary, with clasped hands, plighting their troth. Beneath is the simple inscription, read oft by eyes dim with tears.

Erected Over the Grave of
Highland Mary
1842.
"My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

WILL YOU GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

(READ by the author, Mr. Wallace Bruce, at the unveiling of the Fourth Panel of the Ayr Burns Statue on the 21st of August, 1895.)

"WILL you go to the Indies, my Mary?"
Sang Robin in days long ago;
And still clear as a carol of morning
His notes in sweet melody flow.

"Will you go to the Indies, my Mary?"
Ay, farther and fonder thy way;
Beyond the soft sway of her palm trees,
Or rose-broidered rills of Cathay.

Thy footsteps have wandered in music,
No name, Highland Mary, like thine
From the ripple of sweet flowing Afton
To Columbia's anthem of pine.

Like a wide-arching rainbow of glory
Thy fame spans the ocean to-day,
And perfumes of sweet hawthorn blossoms
Float round us in billows of spray.

Resplendent with faith and devotion
Thy troth is a vision of light,
And though woven of pleasure and sorrow
The girdle of love is still bright.

Yon star-sprinkled "Pathway of Angels"
Gleams white as when Love gave it birth,
But Burns and his Mary are nearer
With pathway that circles the earth;

Where lovers in rapture will wander
And dream the same dreams as of yore,
By the glow of the same golden sunsets
And lapsing of waves on the shore;

Till the stars grow pale in their journey,
Till the sun is shorn of its light,
And cold on the eyelids of morning
Hang the darkness and dews of the night;

Till then, ay, till then, and forever,
For lovers and love never die,
Shall the song of our sweet Highland Mary
Bind closer the earth and the sky.

"THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH, ST. CATHERINES, ONTARIO.

A GREAT many people think only of Burns as the author of "Auld Lang Syne," or the song of "Highland Mary," and wonder at the partiality and enthusiasm of the Scotch for their national poet. A friend of mine once met the objections of one of this sort of people—who believe "Burns's writings quite unfit for anyone of refined taste to read"—by repeating to him a considerable portion of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." The man was pleased, his prejudice disarmed, and his interest excited.

The only three facts connected with the poem that I know are these:—

First, Burns took his brother Gilbert into his confidence when he was writing it (as doubtless it cost him a number of sittings) and the brothers discussed it together. Gilbert had no poetry, but he was a man of good sense, and we may not doubt that some of his suggestions bore fruit in emendations and improvements of the poem. Burns probably considered this piece to be good English (as Leyden, a few years after, wrote of his own poem, "Scenes of Fancy," "which everybody here admits to be good English!") only we may lay down an approach to a general principle, that when a Scotchman asserts his writings to be "very good English" it is open to us to examine the matter a little before we accept it wholly. Certainly "The Cottar's Saturday Night," though in all the artificiality of the Spenserian stanza, has three or four dozen words that Burns himself a few years after found necessary to put into his "Glossary."

The second fact in connection with "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is this. At a friend's house a lad, son of his host, told Burns he did not like to read the poem, for "it made him shed tears." "My boy," said Burns, "it cost me, I know, a good many tears to write it."

The third fact is connected with Mrs. Dunlop, Burns's good friend, whom he celebrates as "a Wallace," for she was indeed descended from Sir Malcolm Wallace, brother of the Scottish hero. Sir William Wallace left no family. Mrs. Dunlop was not only the descendant but the heiress of the house of Wallace, and brought to her husband the old homestead of Craigie. There is a wonderful bit of heredity in connection with the family of Mrs. Dunlop. In

183–(I am not sure of the year) the well-known Scottish author Robert Chambers was pursuing on foot a lonely road in Dumfriesshire when he met a carriage, and in it a gentleman, who with the setting sun shining in his face and lighting up his features, struck Chambers with his strong resemblance to the pictures we have of Sir William Wallace. He could not dismiss this wonderful likeness from his mind, and on enquiring at a wayside inn, a little farther on, they told him that the coachman had stopped to water his horses as he passed, and that the gentleman was General Dunlop, a son of Burns's old friend, and through his mother a descendant of Sir Malcolm Wallace, and the possessor (after 500 years) of the Wallace features!

We have only one side of the somewhat extended correspondence between Burns and Mrs. Dunlop. After Burns's death she purchased back her own letters to Burns, by laying down to Dr. Currie, the poet's first biographer, a letter of Burns for a letter of her own *to* Burns; and thus, letter by letter, she secured all her own, while she gave the world all Burns's. I am not aware these letters of hers have ever been published. The more's the pity! In one of them, however, she tells the poet the criticism of an old crone, her "housekeeper." "She did not see much in that poem of Mr. Burns; she had heard and seen just the same *in her father's house many a time!*"

As a little study of Scotch I propose to make the Scottish words in "The Cottar's Saturday Night" plainer to the general reader. Burns seems to have warmed up in the latter part of the poem, and sped along in good classical English, for the last eight or nine stanzas:—

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exalting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all may meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all its pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!

The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And offer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

But before this there is what he elsewhere calls "a sprinkling of Scotch"—some of it probably unconscious to himself. A "cottar" is one who lives in a cot or cottage, having a little bit of garden attached, and often the privilege of a cow's grass. He works for the farmer by "the term," or by the year. The figures prefixed indicate the stanzas of the poem in which the words occur.

(2) *Sugh* or *sough*—a whistling, echoing sound, as of the wind. "The sough o' the sea" is often spoken of—the more that the alliteration is so "catching." It must always be pronounced as a guttural. *Frae*—from. Our forefathers often said "fro." The Scotch say "frae." "Fro" has gone out of use, however, except in the phrase "to and fro." *Pleugh* or *pleuch*—the plow. The word is generally (when a noun) pronounced as a guttural; occasionally, however, as "plew" in sound. It is always pronounced "plew" when a verb. Here, as it rhymes with the guttural "sugh," it is properly a guttural itself. *Moil* is an English as well as a Scotch word; though it is almost obsolete with us, and simply means exhausting labor.

(3) *Stacher* is from the same root as "stagger." It is a guttural. *Flichterin'*—fluttering. A beautiful picture of little children, with unsteady steps and outstretched arms, fluttering along to meet the home-coming cottar. The *ch* is guttural. *Kaiugh*, sometimes spelt *caigh;* in either form with the *gh* guttural. In many editions of Burns the word is *cark*. However spelt, it is pronounced in one syllable. It seems always to be associated with "care," the alliteration helping it on. The Italians say *carco*,

meaning a load, and as they did not get that word from the Latin, they doubtless got it from the Goths, from whom also the Scotch got most of their words, as most of their blood.

(4) *Be-lyve*—by and bye; formerly also meaning "immediately." An attractive word, and one that might well be adopted into English. Its root seems to be in the Norman French. *Bairns* does not need any explanation; everybody knows what it is, yet nobody uses it except as a "Scotch" word. But Chaucer did, and Bede did; and it would be wise to restore it to its place in English. *Ca'*—the full word is "call," but in the sense here used it is always *ca'*, and never call. In all these elisions the sound of the vowel is in nowise changed. The word is pronounced *caw*, and means here "to drive"—to drive the plow. Poor Richard says:

> He that by the plow would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive.

Ca' is sometimes used for "call," to shout. But not often. The Scotch order would be more likely "Cry them in!" than "Call them in!" *Tentie* is a beautiful Scotch word, which (with its immediate relative, *tent*) is quite neglected in English, yet has a legitimate and reputable ancestry. Others of the same family are *attend*, *attent*, *attention*, etc.; all good words. "Tak' tent" is the Scotch way of saying "Take notice," or "Take care." And *tentie* means "with care." To

> ——tentie rin,
> A cannie errand to a neibor toun,

is to carefully carry a message or parcel to or from a neighboring farmstead—just the service that would be expected of the very youngest of the hirelings on the farm. *Cannie*, as used here, would denote the care or delicacy needed in performing the "errand." The general meaning is "gentle." It never means "cunning," though often so used by writers and speakers unacquainted with Scotch. Cunning, or sly, would be *pawkie*. *Cannie* (the *a* pretty broad as in *balm*) contains no slur.

(5) *Spiers* (speerz)—to spier is to enquire; and while we enquire *of* a man, the Scotch spier *at* him *Uncos* (unk'-oz)

—plural of *unco*. The word is here used as a noun, but it is generally used as an adjective. *Unco* means strange, or new, or wonderful; and *uncos* would mean anything new or strange in the way of gossip. *Gars*—compels, makes, causes. This word is from the Saxon, and is used in the North of England as well as in Scotland. It is a good word, though not needed in English, where there are so many equivalents.

(6) *Ey'-dent*—a thoroughly Scotch word, of Gothic derivation, meaning diligent, thrifty. *Jauk*—to trifle, or dally, instead of working. *Jouk* (jook), which is sometimes printed *jauk*, means to evade, elude, or "dodge."

(7) *Haf'flins*—one-half; here, half afraid to speak.

(8) *Blate*—bashful, confused, modest. *Lathe-fu'*—loth, reluctant, hesitating. A beautiful description of an ingenuous youth the first time he had encountered the parents of his sweetheart. *Lave*—properly the remainder, the rest. Here, "like the lave," like other people. A pleasant satisfaction for the good mother.

(11) *Soupe* (sowp)—allied to the word "sup," meaning a small portion of liquid; in this place, "milk." *Haw'-kie*—this cow, *chewing her cud* so near by, had a white face; at least, that is what *hawkie* or *hawkit* means, though often used as general term for a cow, whatever her color or markings. *Hal'-lan*—an inner wall or partition in a cottage, not always reaching to the ceiling. The primary use of the *hallan* was to break the cold draught from the door. Burns says of Allan Ramsay:—

> ——come forrit, honest Allan;
> Ye needna jouk ahint the hallan,
> A chiel sae clever!

Keb'-buck—a cheese. *Kebbuck* is probably derived from the Gaelic. This was a "gude" cheese; it was *weel hain'd*—well preserved; not in the sense of being kept from spoiling; but kept from being eaten; and it was twelve months old, since the flax was in bloom. And she did cut some little cubes and put them on a plate, but passed round the fragrant cylinder from knee to knee, each one slicing off a bit, as he "ca's it gude;" and by so doing, also, the gudewife had no leavings on the platter to get dry and stale! She was "tentie" and "eydent!" *Fell* often means heroic, efficient, praiseworthy; here it is merely an appre-

KITCHEN FIREPLACE, BURNS'S COTTAGE.

ciative adjective, relating to the cheese—just as we would say "splendid!" "capital!"

(12) *Ingle* (ing'-l)—the domestic fire. *Ha'-Bible*—hall or parlor Bible. It had come to him from his father; and had graced the best room in the house. It is not used on common occasions, but brought out now in honor of the young man who was waiting to "convoy" Jenny back to her "place." *Lyart haffets*—grizzly, or mixed-with-grey, temples. *Wales*—chooses, selects. I saw this, the other day, written for a "silver wedding," and which deserves a more permanent setting:—

> **May Providence aye hear yer cry,**
> **And gie ye daily breid;**
> **And hand-waled blessings frae on High**
> **Fa' on yer dainty heid.**

(13) *Beets*—is a favorite word with Burns, though now nearly obsolete. *Beet* means to kindle, or add fuel to; sometimes to amend or help. It is sometimes spelt *bet*, and probably from the same root as "better," for to "better" a fire or "better" a resolution, would be in Scotch to "beet" it.

If this little commentary on the "Cottar's Saturday Night" makes the poem in any wise plainer to the general reader I shall be pleased.

ROBERT BURNS, JANUARY 25, 1895.

ALL hail! again that natal day,
Made Januar' bleak, as bright and gay
As May or June to "Scots wha hae"
A heart to tirl
Wi' patriot song, or auld Scotch lay,
An' ken the dirl.

The wee birds in their winter biel'
A simmer welcome chirped the "chiel,"
"The Daisy" in the histie fiel'
Gecked at "The Moose,"
A' nature smiled, an' wished a' weel
In that thack hoose.

Dear Shade! we cherish in our heart
Thy legacy of Heavenly art,
A classic guide for kirk or mart,
Deciphered richt,
Mak's clear to a' the manly part,
Brings peace an' licht.

Thy genius socht the humble cot,
Found noble lives in lowly lot,
Where Love and Faith enshrined the spot
Tho' laigh the wa',
The "Twa Dogs" prove as well: I wot,
That gear's no a'.

The humor bubbling in thy brain,
Sent "Tam" awa' his leifu' ilane,
That awesome nicht o' win' an' rain,
Owre Doon's wild banks,
Mak's roof an' rafters ring again,
At "Beggars'" pranks.

The biting satire of thy pen,
Ye hained it for a righteous en'
But hypocrites ye gar'd them sten,
Wi' lash severe,
At pompous, self-sufficient men,
Ye sat your spear.

But let thy muse make Love its theme,
Thy blood rushed like a mountain stream,
The spirit caught the lowin' beam,
Made a' a queen,
And fate was kind, fulfilled thy dream
In "Bonnie Jean."

We couldna wish thee ae bit altered,
Tho', human like, your step whyles faltered,
When folly slieved its head, unhaltered,
Nor ettl't wrang;
Ye ne'er wi' truth or honor paltered,
In earnest sang.

Remorse bred sorrow, song was born,
And, psalmist like, your wail forlorn
Gushed from a heart with anguish torn
A dowie strain,
Which thrilled the choir you now adorn
With joyful pain.

Some blellums darklins mourn thy fate,
Some skellums would emasculate;
Some unco guid annihilate
Thy genius rare,
Wha nightly kneeling, emulate,
"Will's Holy Prayer."

We've still his generation 'mang us,
As morally they still harangue us,
On duty dogmatic and bang us,
Or show us Hell,
If Bible precepts dinna wrang us,
That's whaur they'll dwell.

The lessons gleaned from thy example,
Thy Testament sae broad an' ample,
Weel warn the erring soul to trample,
On self-indulgence,
And shows the "Honest Man's" a sample,
Of God's effulgence.

I utter this with good intent,
When I have paid life's latest stent,
I dinna think I wad repent,
To join your ploys,
Submissive: hope I'd be content,
To share your joys.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

IT IS THE LAND OF BEAUTY, GRANDEUR AND ROMANCE.

At a Burns celebration in Airdrie, Lanarkshire, Mr. James Chapman, Town Clerk, proposed as a toast "The Land o' Cakes." He said: "The Land o' Cakes! For

why? In the language of our national bard it is the land of "Corn Rigs and Barley Rigs," of "Bannocks and barley meal," of the "hailsome parritch, chief of Scotia's food." Gentlemen, that is the reason, it is said, why England has produced such horses and Scotland such men. But the Land o' Cakes is not confined to Scotland, it extends not merely "from Maidenkirk to John o' Groats," for where in the whole inhabited globe will you not find a Scotchman, and it is even said when the North Pole comes to be discovered there will be found a "brither Scot" sitting on the top of it—"monarch of all he surveys," and ready to welcome the intrepid traveller with "Here's a haun, my trusty frien'," or maybe, "Here's a health to all guid lasses." In a word, gentlemen, Scotchmen have put a girdle round the world, and therefore "take the cake," and so long as that girdle is employed in baking cakes and scones there is no fear of "puir auld Scotland." The land o' cakes—it is the land of poetry and song—the land of Burns—who in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" has done more than any other man to stamp deep in the breasts of his countrymen those feelings of patriotism, of nationality, of good fellowship and manly independence, which are the birthright of every Scotchman.

In the words of the best biographer of Burns, and to his honor be it said he was a clergyman, "Scotland has been more venerable, more beautiful, more glorious in the eyes of her children, and a fitter theme for poetry since the feet of Burns rested on her fields, and since his eyes glowed with enthusiasm as he saw her scenery and sung her praise." It is land of beauty, of grandeur, of romance—the land of Sir Walter Scott, who by the magic wand of his genius has re-created it, and cast a glamor over its mountains, its glens, its lochs and classic streams, which has made it the pleasure ground of Europe and America. It is the land of men, of "A man's a man for a' that," for the poor man, says Christopher North when he speaks of Burns, always holds his head up and regards you with a more elevated look—the land of heroes who secured their country's independence on the field of Bannockburn, of seamen and soldiers, who contributed to secure the independence of all Europe, at the battle of Trafalgar, on the plains of Waterloo, the heights of Alma and the trenches of Sebastopol, of warriors who saved our great Indian Empire at

the relief of Lucknow, for "The Campbells are Coming, Hurrah! Hurrah!" But what need I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of the glorious achievements of her sons by sea and land, at home and abroad, not only in the arts of war but also in the glorious arts of peace, with head, heart and hand. The secret is that it is the land of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." In conclusion, it is our native land, the land we love so well. Long may we be proud of it and of the long line of distinguished ancestry which has been handed down to us, long may we glory in the name of "Scotsman."

DE QUINCEY'S TWO VIEWS OF BURNS.

DE QUINCEY was capable of strange lapses in memory. An illustration of this is afforded in the volume entitled "De Quincey and his Friends," by Mr. James Hogg, by references to the poetry of Burns. In 1821, when he talked to Woodhouse, the coming essayist was far from pleased with the Scottish ploughman poet. He was astonished at the high opinion which was held by the reading world in general of Burns. He accused the verses to "Mary in Heaven," of being false in sentiment, factitious and commonplace. There was nothing of the high poet in "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Besides, the subject had been borrowed from Fergusson. Even "Tam O' Shanter" was greatly overpraised. In general, Burns might say some things well, but he could never be ranked as a great poet. Now, if the evidence was lacking in 1821 to prove that Burns was a great poet, then it must have been lacking forever after. Nevertheless, if Colin Rae-Brown in his "Recollections of the Glasgow Period" of De Quincey's career, which are reproduced in this volume, is to be trusted, then DeQuincey had changed his mind greatly by 1847. Worship of Burns was confessedly a hobby with Mr. Rae-Brown, and he made more than a mental note of what the great critic had to say apropos of a fine edition of Burns's poems then just announced. He observed that De Quincey's eyes visibly dilated as he spoke. "Ah!" said he, "the Ayrshire Colossus is still expanding outward and upward, in spite of all his detractors. If some of my Lake friends had had more critical insight, or more liberality, their immature de-

liverances on the achievements and future position of our Ayrshire poet would have savored more of the characteristics of genuine criticism and true prophecy." The contrast between the two opinions is glaring, but it would be less remarkable if De Quincey had not condemned others so unsparingly for holding views which he himself once maintained. Any one who has ever studied his own experiences in criticism must acknowledge that they are usually the most vivid and permanent of his intellectual memories. What one has once thought of a striking book or of a noteworthy body of literature, one is likely to think of again instantly when that book or that body of literature is mentioned. If De Quincey forgot so vivid a fact as his own depreciatory view of Burns, then he may have made many a slip in mere matters of learning where his hearers could not catch him.

"MY NANIE, O."

THE lamented William Scott Douglass in his incomparable edition of the complete works of Robert Burns, observes, with reference to this song, well known as beginning with the line, "*Behind yon hill where Stinchar flows*," that "annotators have in vain puzzled themselves to find a heroine for it. No doubt he had a living model, but it does not necessarily follow that her name must have been *Nanie*. The air is one of the divinest of Scotland's melodies, and the name *Nanie, O*, being identified with it, no versifier of taste would ever dream of composing words for it which closed otherwise than with the familiar refrain." It has, however, emerged from obscurity, on the evidence of a venerable lady, Mrs. Margaret Smith (whose maiden name was Forgie), now in her ninety-second year, and who was acquainted with Mrs. Brown of Kirkoswald, aunt of the poet, that the song was composed at the Howe part of Girvan Mains one year, on the day following the famous fair of Kirkdamdie, which Robert Burns had attended in common with a large portion of the population of Carrick. The heroine was Agnes M'Ilwraith, the farmer's daughter of Pinvalley, a well-known pastoral farm near the Nick of the Balloch, about five miles from the peaceful, secluded, and picturesque village of Barr, in the confines of Galloway and

Ayrshire and on the banks of the Stinchar. Agnes was the reputed flower of her own and the neighboring parishes, and that her personality was striking and lovable to a degree is witnessed by the fact that even among the crowds of stalwart manhood and the bevies of comely feminity she engrossed the attention of Burns; but it is stated that they never spoke together, and it is not known that he ever addressed her otherwise than in this exquisitely simple, tender, and untarnished Arcadian song. In its composition there is evidence of its inspiration at a time when Burns's mind was in the condition of a pure and early manhood, emancipated from the immature utterances of the boy who wrote "Handsome Nell," and not yet emerged into the whirl of passion which produced "I love my Jean."

A BURNS PILGRIMAGE AND REMINISCENCE.

BY CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.

"I DON'T wonder your eyes have an incredulous twinkle, and you think what a Munchausen I am, after telling you that the poet Burns and I lay in the same bed in the Ayr cottage; but it's a fact all the same.

"How do I make that out? Easily enough. For, don't you see, there was the trifling interval of three-quarters of a century, or that matter, between the two acts. At the time I lay in Burns's bed its illustrious former occupant had slept many a year with his kindred in the old Alloway Kirk burial place.

"Ah, wasn't it a happy day in my life's calendar—a day fraught with tender memories, with sentimental, hallowed richness—when after a lapse of a third of a century, I again found myself treading the once familiar grounds of Ayr!"

And the blue eyes of the honest old Scotchman fairly glowed with emotion.

The speaker was a worthy townsman of mine in Bridgton, Me., a well-educated, intelligent gentleman, Mr. Robert Gilfillan, just returned from a visit to his native land. Like

his noted poetical namesake, he, too, dearly loved his "Ain Countree."

"And when I once more, and probably for the last time in my life, entered the thatched cottage in which Bobbie Burns first saw the light," he continued, "a flood of memory filled my soul, and for the moment I stood as one o'erwhelmed. But my day dream was soon broken by the voice of my guide:

"'Dinna ye ken we've nae ower much time to waste?'

"Yes, there was the same humble room, and the little alcove containing the poet's bed, and everything about the interior pretty much the same as when I had last visited the cottage, thirty-two years before. The two rooms, floored with loose, flat stones, remain much the same as when young Robbie lived there.

"I saw in the chimney side the pots and kettles which his mother Agnes used; and near the window a wooden stand, that in later years stood in the tavern, curiously marked all over by Burns and his cronies."

"But about Burns's bed?"

"Well, would you believe it, I had the audacity, or vandalism, or whatever you may please to call it, in the brief absence of the guide in the next room, to fulfil my ardent wish to lie down on the self-same bed in which the great poet was born.

"And how did the bed seem? Well, to tell the truth, it was very hard, typical, indeed, of the lot in life of Scotia's greatest bard. I didn't occupy it long, for I heard the guide coming, and I was on my feet again before his sharp eye could discover my act of sacrilege. But I count it as something to boast of that the great Robert Burns and humble Robert Gilfillan both occupied the same bed.

"Then I visited the Burns monument. But I must say that when I gazed at this monument, which was built in 1820, at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars, I couldn't help thinking of the epigram, half sadly, half reproachfully uttered by his doting mother when the movement to erect this enduring testimonial to his genius was consummated:

"'Ah, Robbie, ye asked for bread and they gie ye a stane!'

"And then, as within the circular apartment on the ground floor of the monument, I feasted my eyes on the memorials of the poet, and saw the ancient Bible which he

gave to his Highland Mary, I found myself involuntarily repeating the familiar lines:

"Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I oft have kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That breast that lo'ed me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

"Shortly after, with two other visitors—an oldish man and a young fellow—I crossed the 'Auld Brig o' Doon,' where Tam's gray mare, Maggie, lost her tail in the witch's grasp.

"Next, to ancient, roofless Alloway Kirk, and saw the window Tam looked in at when he so hugely enjoyed the witches' dance. But Tam, no doubt, was rather fu' that night. Tam lies close beside the church, and a very gray old stone marks the spot. His real name was Douglas Graham.

"And as the shades of night were about to gather, and the glow of the setting sun lighted up with crimson tints the western sky, I turned my footsteps Ayr-ward, my mind reverting to the now renowned thatched cottage, as I unconsciously repeated to myself the words of the poet, picturing, in the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' the famous scene of which Burns's own parental home was the prototype:

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
He wales a portion wi' judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, 'with solemn air.'"

"Of course, Mr. Gilfillan, you have many interesting recollections of Burns-land and its people?"

"Yes," said he; "but it was so very long ago that I lived there. There was one affair, I recall, however, in which thousands of Burns's enthusiastic fellow countrymen took part, that was of special interest by reason of the presence of Burns's sons and aged sister, to say nothing of 'Kit North' and several other of the poet's famous contempo-

raries. This was a grand celebration of the poet's birthday. And I venture to say that, could the parents of the bard have been alive to see this, the latest embodiment of Scotland's grateful devotion to the memory of her distinguished son, I am quite sure that Burns's mother would never have uttered the reproachful remark about the nation's alleged ingratitude."

Mr. Gilfillan then went on to tell of the elaborate decorations in the field and about the pavilion where the literary exercises took place; how the bell of old Alloway, so dear to the inhabitants, tolled its familiar sounds; of the companies of shepherds, with crooks and plaids; the picturesque Highlanders in full costume; the long line of citizens, representing every social, professional, and business department of life; and how at last the column was massed around the stand; and then the reënactment of the Tam O'Shanter scene—the gray mare, her terrified rider, the witches and all.

On a platform, in a monster pavilion erected for the great occasion in a field near the Burns monument, sat the Earl of Eglintoun, chairman of the day; on his left were the sons of Burns; on the left of them was the vice-chairman, Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"); close at hand Mrs. Begg, sister of the poet, and her daughter, standing beside the Countess of Eglintoun; and grouped about them all a brilliant gathering of British authors, poets, dramatists, theologians and men eminent in other departments of letters and professions.

Seated within this pavilion were two thousand persons; outside of it, tens of thousands; and in the road from the Brigs of Ayr was the rear guard of a procession over two miles long.

Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, was a plain, benevolent looking woman, dressed in black, and appearing still active and vigorous, though at that time upwards of eighty years old. She bore some likeness, especially in the eyes, to the poet.

Robert Burns, the oldest son, had a strong resemblance to his father, and it is said he was the only one of the children who remembered his face. He eloquently responded to the speech of happy, enthusiastic, youthful-acting Professor Wilson, and closed with this significant passage:

"The sons of Burns have grateful hearts, and up to the last day of their existence they will remember the honor

that has been paid them by the noble, the lovely and talented of this, their native land—by men of genius and kindred from our sister land; and lastly, they owe their thanks to the inhabitants of the far distant West, a country of a great, a free, and kindred people!"

REV. DR. WALTER SMITH ON BURNS.

THE Rev. Dr. Walter Smith recently delivered a lecture on the Ayrshire bard in the City Hall, Glasgow, before a very large audience. In the course of his remarks, the reverend lecturer said that we claimed for Burns a place among the chosen few who were at once national and universal, moving with absolute mastery the hearts of their countrymen, yet no less touching the whole heart of man. That was the front rank of the immortals, and naturally their number was but small. Burns had not written an "Iliad," or a "Divina Comedia," or a "Hamlet," or a "Faust." He had not the opportunity in that brief, stormy life of his, and its weary wrestle with hunger, alike of body and mind. He (Dr. Smith) did not say he was a Homer, a Dante, a Shakespeare, or a Goethe, or that he could ever have done what they did; yet it was among them that they pictured him now, for he had flashes at least of a light which could only be found in them, notes of tender melody that only such as they awakened, and he roused the echoes with a large mirth which only one of them could rival. A Pope, with neat finish, provided couplets for common sense to quote; a Byron had his day, and was supreme with moody youth; a Wordsworth formed a school that sat reverently at the master's feet; a Tennyson sang fitly to a cultured world of refined taste; a Browning rough-drafted pictures which had all the sparkle and fertility of genius, but lacked the patient industry that perfected inspiration. All these had an abiding place amongst us, and possibly, too, some of them had done, in some sense, greater work than it was given Burns to do; for their furnaces were kept steadily ablaze, while his was damped down before it had been well kindled. Yet none of them might stand where he stood as the representative of their nation among the world's select singers. In speaking of the characteristics

of the poet and his works, Dr. Smith went on to say that Burns had a traditional Jacobitism, which, now that the thing was dead, he was free to sing songs about. He had also a rather national Jacobinism, bred of the hopes of the French Revolution—a Jacobinism which threatened at one time to bring him into trouble, and no doubt checked all chance of promotion. At bottom Burns was neither Jacobite nor Jacobin, but he pitied the poor man's hard lot, and fancied that statesmen might do something to improve it, and would have been well content with very much less than the veriest Tory to-day would willingly grant. But he saw little hope of its coming, and therefore sang rather despairingly "Man Was Made to Mourn." On the whole his political principles, so far as they appeared in his poems, were liberal and independent, but also moderate, and he relied more on the right spirit of the people than on any legislation likely to be done for them, which was a true sign of his wisdom. He showed clearly that he had no sympathy with the Calvinistic doctrine as it was then too often presented in the pulpits. He (Dr. Smith) did not know that many of them had much sympathy with it in these days, for some of their Scotch divines then were a good deal more Calvinistic than Calvin ever was. But his songs were after all perhaps the finest fruits of Burns's genius—perfect thoughts, many of them, crystallized in a perfect expression. They held also an important place in his life as helping to keep him true to the higher laws of artistic expression, from which he sometimes turned aside to his hurt. So long as he dealt, indeed, with the homely life which he knew so well nothing could be more simple and unaffected than his language. But the moment he left that region the fine writing discovered the falsity underneath. Now, some men could handle tricks of rhetoric so deftly as to gloss over the unreality of their thoughts, and this kind of thing was thought in Burns's youth to be almost the supreme art of poetry. Burns had to be true and natural in order to be anything, and hence he was properly the restorer of that simplicity of style to which our literature has returned since his day, after long wandering in the deserts of the artificial. A song to be in all mouths must be simple, natural, true; and happily most of his were as perfectly so as daisies and buttercups. He was often amazed that this matchless body of national songs should now be almost ban-

ished from our drawing-rooms and concert halls, especially when he compared them with the watery sentiment and monotonous vacuity which had mostly come in their room.

BURNS THE INSPIRER.

THE difference between the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero has been thus described by an able critic. When the Romans heard Cicero speak they went away and said, "How beautiful, how grandly he declaims; who is like Cicero?" But when the Athenians heard Demosthenes speak, they rose up and said, "Come, let us fight Philip!" The true orator inspires men to do something, and this is also the test of a true poet. Burns, the poet, possessed this power in an eminent degree. Mr. E. P. Whipple, the able American critic, in an essay on John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England, states that he was first actively inspired to original composition by reading the poetry of Robert Burns. When he was a boy working on the farm, he had oftentimes felt the movements of a poetic spirit within his soul, but he was ignorant of books, and his surroundings were so prosaic he thought they could not be sung. One afternoon in the pleasant haying season, however, a pedlar came along and placed a copy of Burns's poems in his hand, and he opened the book, read, and his eyes were unsealed. All nature around him was transformed into a vision of beauty. In a neighboring field he saw a Highland Mary; the Cottar's Saturday Night he beheld in his pious father's household; the birds sang in the woods, and the flowers bloomed in the meadows as they had never done before. In short, he was inspired by Scotland's ploughman poet, and since then he has struck the New England lyre in strains that have vibrated upon every heart, and in every home throughout America.

THE EARLIEST REVIEW ON BURNS.

THE first edition of "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," by Robert Burns, was printed and published at Kilmarnock on July 31, 1786. The poet was then unknown out of the circle of his Ayrshire friends and ac-

quaintances, but the thin octavo inspired an earlier and more remarkable criticism than that which appeared in the *Lounger* for December, 1786. Two months previous to that date the *Edinburgh Magazine*, contained a review of the poems. So far as can be ascertained, this is the very first introduction of Burns to public notice, and the herald of his future fame as Scotland's gifted son. The article opens with the query :—

"Who are you, Mr. Burns? will some surly critic say: at what university have you been educated? What languages do you understand? What authors have you particularly studied? Whither has Aristotle or Horace directed your taste? Who has praised your poems, and under whose patronage are they published? In short, what qualifications entitle you to instruct or entertain us? To the questions of such a catechism, perhaps, honest Robert Burns would make no satisfactory answer. My good man, he might say, I am a poor countryman. I was bred up at the school of Kilmarnock, I understand no language but my own. I have studied Allan Ramsay and Fergusson. My poems have been praised at many a fireside, and I ask no patronage for them if they deserve none. I have not looked at mankind through the spectacles of books. 'An ounce of mother wit, you know, is worth a pound of clergy.' The author is indeed a striking example of native genius bursting through the obscurity of poverty and the obstructions of laborious life. His observations on human characters are acute and sagacious, and his descriptions are lively and just. Of rustic pleasantry he has a rich fund, and some of his softer scenes are touched with inimitable delicacy." The author of the review formed such a high estimate of the poet's writings that he returned to the volume in the November number of the magazine, prints poems "To a Mouse," "Epistle to William Simpson," "Epistle to a Young Friend," and extracts from "The Vision;" and in the December number, as if he had not done sufficient to proclaim the merits of the new poet, he prints the whole of the criticism from *Lounger*, acknowledging his indebtedness to the weekly, for December 9. The publisher and proprietor of *Edinburgh Magazine*, James Sibbald, it may be mentioned, was a well-known antiquary and bookseller, and author of a highly valued and now very scarce work, in four volumes octavo, "The

TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

Chronicle of Scottish Poetry," and it is most probable he was the writer of the review; at all events, Burns was sensible of his obligation to such an authority, and in a letter to him, February 3, 1787, dated from his lodgings, Lawn Market, Edinburgh, he writes:—"...The warmth with which you have befriended an obscure man, and young author in your three last magazines—I can only say, sir, I feel the weight of the obligation, and wish I could express my sense of it."

NASMYTH'S PORTRAIT OF BURNS.

WHEN Andrew Park, the Glasglow poet, was a bookseller in Queen Street, some of his warmest admirers therein, or "thereabout," lounged away many an idle hour. There was an "attraction" near the shop. A quiet "howff"—*Anglice*, "a canny tavern"—was situated in the immediate vicinity, George Square, and there they often sojourned to—

> "Mak' themselves uncommon happy,
> While preein' O' the dainty nappy,"

Over the fireplace of this same "howff" (a place frequented, long before Park's time, by Alexander Nasmyth, the painter, George Thompson, the Edinburgh musical publisher, and Robert Burns, when these worthies were going to, or coming from Edinburgh to the West country,) there hung in those days a life-sized bust portrait of Burns, specially painted by Nasmyth, from his original oil-sketch, for the then proprietor of the house. It was finished shortly after the occasion of the Ploughman Bard's great reception at Edinburgh by the "Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt" and other notables. Colonel Nicol Burns related to the writer, in reference to this portrait, that he remembered hearing his father say to a travelling artist, who badly wanted once more to take the bard's portrait in Dumfries, how well he recollected "the day when Nosey Nasmyth took aff my head on his canvas, and when I felt like a man that was about to be hanged;" adding—"I would not go through the like again for a king's ransom." Nasmyth was a landscape painter by profession, and took no

great pains to elaborate the first sketch, made at a short sitting. But he made the completed and larger work worthy of his subject, Burns being then the literary hero of the day. The bard, in the finished "howff" picture, was represented in his high-collared coat and well-turned-over flap-collar vest, of a brown and white-striped material, and with an amply-knotted white neckerchief. The background was composed of one of Nasmyth's cool "grey skies," before which there rose a few trees, which exhibited the peculiar free touches of leaf-work that characterized the artist's "Italian style" in his larger pictures. The portrait was set in an oval (canvas) framework, garlanded with roses, convolvoluses, heartsease, and other flowers; to which fails to be added the ever-ubiquitous thistle. At the base of the framework, on a slab, were introduced a bagpipe, shepherd's reed, a reaping-hook, a rake, and some rolls of musical MS.

AT DUMFRIES.

WILLY WASTLE GANGS ON A PILGRIMAGE.

From the Peoples Journal.

LAST autumn Janet an' me resolved to hae a cheenge o' air, an' haein' a far awa' kind o' an acquaintance in the "Queen o' the Sooth," we eleckit to turn oor staps thitherward.

It's a canty, couth, cosh bit toon is Dumfries, and weel worth a veesit at ony time o' the year, and sud be a kind o' a Mecca and Medina to a' wha love the name o' Robert Burns.

Janet's clean skeir aboot the poet; it's perfectly amazin' to hear her on a forenicht rattle aff "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Hallowe'en," or "Tam O' Shanter." She gangs at it like ten ell o' blue reek, scarce takin' time to draw a breath till she has feenished. I'll bet M'Gonagall couldna haud the can'le till her fan she gets the steam up.

It's no to be wondered at, then, whan I tell you that before we had been fower an' twenty 'oors within soond o' the Mid-Steeple she wis fair aff the bane to see some o' the places conneckit wi' her favourite poet.

It wis a high ockashun, and Janet dressed hersel' in her

robe o' state, a black silk goon, a present frae an auld auntie noo defunct, wha wis a fell bit cummer aboot the early years o' the century, and she in her turn had heired it frae a second cousin, so it wis nae bairn, but it was sacredly keepit by Janet, only to be donned on the maist solemn occasions. We set oot wi' a plentifu' use o' Wallace's wapons, "ax and speir," an' got intill a crookit disjaskit back street, perfumed wi' the odours o' a tanyard. We could see neither hilt nor hair o' Burns, but hailin' a barfitt bit loonie, and gi'en' him a bawbee, he convoyed us to the front o' a plain-lookin' twa-storey hoose next door to the Industrial Schule in Burns Street. A wee sign aboon the door speecifees that here Burns lived for some years, and there he dee'd; admittance, threepence each.

Janet demurred to payin' the siller, though she thoucht it wis nae mair than richt, for the fowk wad need a guid supply o' caum, black lead, saip, and besoms, to keep it snod for veesitors.

Just beyond the hoose, and in a nick on the front o' the Industrial Schule, stands a life-sized bust o' Burns, which we duly honoured as we passed; I lifted my hat and Janet drapped a gracefu' curtchey. A frowsy, ill-washed hizzy snichered at oor guid menners, but conscious o' dooin' oor duty to the genius o' the poet we ne'er heedit, but sauntered on.

A few meenits brocht us tae St. Michael's Kirkyard, whaur the poet is buried. We mountit the staps and stood within the city o' the dead. Judgin' by the headstanes they maun be sons o' Anak that are maistly buried in it. I can best describe them in the words o' Lady Anne in "Patience," "Not handsome but massive."

Followin' the path we were sune in the presence o' Burns's Masoleum, built ower the family grave. It's a'thing but bonnie, I can tell you, accordin' to my taste. I hae read o' some grand biggins describet as poems in stane, but I wad ca' this a pepper-box in stane. It needs sma' imagination to fancy the dome fou' o' sma' holes for the lid, and the shape o' the buildin' wi' its dull gless sides guarded wi' girdirons, will finish the fancy. The door is safely lockit, and to mak' still mair siccar an iron railin' and a wee yett still further keeps aff the intruders. A notice board is kindly provided to notifee whaur the keys are keepit. Lat's be thankfu' for that.

Janet maun be inside, and orders me to gang and get the key. I had nae need to dae that, for I had noticed a chield wi' a bunch o' keys keepin' weel in sicht frae the time we entered the kirkyaird. I gied him a wink, and in a jiffey baith yett and door stood open, and we walked in. It wis the auld story, business combined wi' the worship o' genius. There was the usual case wi' its books and fottygraffs. The headstane is laid upon the flure that covers the family vault, and abune that, and fillin' ae side o' the biggan, is what they ca' a bass relief, dune by Turnerelli, o' gowden wreath fame. Its a grand show. Burns is stan'in' beside a pleugh graspin' his braid blue bonnet wi' baith hands to his breist an' lookin' up at a lithesome swank hizzie fleein' i' the air, wallopin' a sheet abune the poet's heid as if she was singing "Here comes the Bogie Man." You can easily see by the "man-was-made-to-mourn" look o' his face that he disna approve o' sic like cantrips, but is sayin' "Come, come, ma woman, ye maunna frivel." Janet was in thrang confab wi' the doorkeeper, gettin' a full and parteekler account o' the poet's family, whase names are in tablet on the wa's.

Efter signin' oor names in a muckle beuk we stappit oot o' the sacred spot and the hoose and its surroundings were aince mair made public proof. The chappie lookit wi' a peculiar glint in his e'e that ga'ed hame to my heart, and I speired if I had onything to pey.

"There wis nae chairge," he said, "just what you like." I gied that trifle wi' a grudge. No that I blame the man. He was but a servant. I consider it naething less than a national disgrace that the grave o' Scotia's bard should be locked up, and the admirers of the poet admitted only by the "open sesame" o' backsheesh.

When it dawned upon Janet that I wis gien the man bawbees she wis neither to haud nor bind. Certes me, she gied that man his kail through the reek. I tried to act as a buffer and meeneemeese the collision, but no ae fit wid she move till she had toomed the vials o' her wrath on his heid.

If siller be needit to keep up the fabric there are hearts warm eneuch and purses lang eneuch in braid Scotland to subscribe the sun for a' time to come. Why sud there be a tax on the worship o' genius? Why should the grave o' Burns not be as free as his name is an honour to the nation?

It is a national disgrace that Scotia's sons and dochters

when they visit the grave o' him "wha sang to them the auld Scotch sangs" should hae to seek keys, or bestow backsheesh, before they are allooed to stand by the poet's grave wha sae bountifully got his heart's wish.

> That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
> Or sing a sang a least.

BURNS AND "WEE DAVOCK."

An incident in the life of Burns during the period of his residence at Mossgiel, which shows the character of the poet in a light everywhere reflected in his writings, has reference to the fortunes of "Wee Davock," an incidental mention of whom, in his poem "The Inventory," has been passed over by every editor of the life and works of Burns. In May, 1785, with a view to liquidate ten millions of unfunded debt, Mr. Pitt made a large addition to the number of taxed articles, and amongst these were female servants. It became the duty of his friend and patron Mr. Robert Aitken, as surveyor for the district in which Burns lived, to serve the usual notice on the poet, who on receipt of it made his return in the amusing poem called "The Inventory," in which he gives.

> A faithfu' list
> O' gudes an' gear an' a' my graith,
> To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

He goes on to say:—

> For men, I've three mischievous boys,
> Run-deils for ranting an' for noise;
> A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other:
> Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
> I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
> An' aften labour them completely;
> An' aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
> I on the "Questions" targe them tightly
> Till, faith! wee Davock's grown sae gleg,
> Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
> He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
> As fast as ony in the dwalling.

The infant prodigy whose progress in theological matters is here so graphically narrated, was one of four orphan children, named Robert, David, Janet, and Agnes Hutchison, who were left in charge of Burns. Janet was in the service of the Burns family for a number of years, and latterly died in Old Cumnock. David acted as herd laddie, an occupation suited to his tender years. The other two were employed by neighboring farmers. "Wee Davock," who was never married, died at Galston, in the house of his brother Robert, a local Radical of note, as were many of the Galstonians in the early decades of the present century. Robert's political opinions led to his voluntary expatriation, and he died in America. "Wee Davock" had a pot—a common stew-pot—which he got from Burns. This relic is now the property of a lady, who values it very highly—a granddaughter of Robert Hutchison, David's eldest brother. It may be worth while noting that another form of the name of the family protected by Burns is the appellation of his sole-surviving male descendant, Robert Burns Hutchinson, only son of Mrs. Hutchinson, daughter of Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the poet's third son.

BURNS'S PUNCH BOWL.

THE following letter from David Roberts, the painter, in reference to the Masonic punch bowl of Robert Burns, made by the hands of the poet's Mason, brother-in-law, Armour, from a well-selected piece of black Inverary marble:

"FITZROY STREET, 23d Nov. 1857.

"I send you, enclosed, a cutting from the *Scotsman* newspaper relative to your interesting article on Burns's Punch Bowl. There is, however, one gap in the narrative which you may, in common with myself, still deem of some interest—the *name* of 'the vintner publican,' who at one time prized the bowl so highly, but ultimately parted with it so easily. I think I can supply this deficiency. In 1820 I was scene-painter in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, under the management of Henry Mason, who married one of the

Kembles. In the company, was an actor called 'Jack Shaw,' a rather impulsive and eccentric character, a favorite with the audience from his skill in singing Scottish songs, particularly those of Burns. I have often heard him boast of the happy days when he kept the house alluded to and was the proprietor of the celebrated punch bowl, and of the many distinguished countrymen it brought to his house to fill and carouse over it. I do not remember that he ever stated why he lost the bowl, or rather the house that contained it; but his own impulsive character, to say nothing of the vicissitudes of an actor's life was quite enough to account for his pledging the bowl, and afterwards selling the duplicate to Mr. Hastie. Poor Jack! He must have been in great straits before he relinquished this relic of our national poet. "DAVID ROBERTS."

And here we may observe, by way of parenthesis or postscript, that the ample and well-proportioned punch bowl of Robert Burns was bequeathed by Archibald Hastie, in November, 1857, to the trustees of the British Museum.

THE STAR OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY L. D. ROBERTSON, NEW YORK.

ON Highland Hill, in Lowland dell,
In every land where Scotsmen dwell,
Whose name in glory will excel?—
The Name of ROBERT BURNS!

What Scot with independent mind
Rare, rich poetic thought combined?—
The gifted champion of mankind—
The Poet ROBERT BURNS!

Great minstrel of the Scottish race!
His memory Time shall ne'er efface,
And coming millions sing with grace
The Songs of ROBERT BURNS!

When Scottish Song was in decline,
Whose master-hand came to refine,
And stirred our hearts with song divine?—
The Muse of ROBERT BURNS!

Who sang the notes of Freedom clear,
That rugged, toiling millions cheer?—
The man whose memory we revere—
The Patriot ROBERT BURNS!

When gentle Peace has set its star,
And Kings and Princes cease to war,
Then Freedom's light will gleam afar—
The Star of ROBERT BURNS!

Whose zeal to free his native land
From cant and pride of titled band
Will aye Auld Scotia's love command?—
Immortal ROBERT BURNS!

Who loved to sing of Highland maid,
To Mary's shade heart-homage paid,
And lordly courtiers ne'er dismayed?—
The Soul of ROBERT BURNS!

Whose great, undaunted, gentle heart
Was ne'er defiled by tinseled art,
But acted aye man's honest part?—
Heroic ROBERT BURNS!

What marks him son of Scotia's sod,
Who wrote—"Then let us worship God,"—
Revered at home and loved abroad?—
The Piety of BURNS!

Whose star shines brighter day by day,
To gladden human hearts alway?
The star that gems Auld Scotia's lay—
The Star of ROBERT BURNS!

BURNS AS A GAUGER.

In his capacity of exciseman Burns was always humane and considerate, especially where offenders against the fiscal law were poor and needy.

One clear moonlight morning, on being awakened by a clang of horses at a gallop, he started up, looked out at the window, and to his wife, who asked eagerly what it was, he whispered:—

"It's smugglers, Jean."

"Robert, then I fear ye'll be to follow them?"

"And so I would," he answered, "were it Will Gunnion, or Edgar Wright; but it's poor Brandyburn, who has a wife and three weans, and is no doing owre weel in his farm. What can I do?"

She pulled him in from the window.

On another occasion a poor woman, Kate Watson by name, an unlicensed vendor of excisable liquors, was officially visited by the poet "gauger." He motioned her to the doorway and earnestly whispered to her, in the hearing of Prof. Gillespie, of St. Andrews:—

"Kate, are you mad? Don't you know that the supervisor and I will be upon you in the course of forty minutes? Good-bye, at present."

Needless to say, the poor widow was not slow to take the friendly hint. She was saved a fine of several pounds and the revenue lost, perhaps five shillings. Occasionally the poet's kindly consideration took a facetious turn. He and a brother officer once entered the shop of a widow woman and made a seizure of smuggled tobacco.

"Jenny," said the bard, "I expected this would be the upshot."

"Here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them."

"Now, Jock, did ye ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before the check reels were invented? Thou's ane, and thou's no ane, and thou's ane and out. Listen."

The poet then proceeded to reckon on this principle, dropping every second roll into poor Janet's lap, and Jock listened, and gravely made the memorandum as desired.

GENTLE ROBERT BURNS.

COLLECTION OF HIS MANUSCRIPTS OWNED BY MR. GUNTHER.

ORIGINAL DRAFTS OF POEMS.

Release of the Farm at Ellisland—Letters and Verses—First Editions of Works.

NATURE'S sweetest poet, Robert Burns, is well represented in C. F. Gunther's remarkable collection. Here the lover of the poetry that wells from the great Scotchman's soul can find much to interest if not to charm him. If chirography is an index of the character, the admirer of Burns—and who is there that does not love the man and his works—can have ample opportunity to study the hand that wrote "Twa Dogs," "Death and Dr. Hornbrook," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," "Anna with the Gowden Locks" and that immortal ode to his "Mary in Heaven." Mr. Gunther upon some of these manuscripts sets a high commercial value. For instance, in his possession is the original of "Auld Lang Syne," a song that is sung the world over. It is a fact not generally known that Mr. Gunther owns the original of this famous tribute to old friendships, but it is a fact none the less significant because it is not so well known. He declares that he would not part with the precious document for $2,000 in cash.

The Burns manuscripts were gathered by their present owner in various places throughout Great Britain. Many of them—indeed, most of them—are expensive and rare. There are in the collection about thirty manuscripts, including poems and letters. Among them are some of his unpublished poems. They are not of the kind that would be printed for general circulation, because there is in each one that want of propriety for which Burns, in his more jovial moods, was sometimes noted. Likewise, there are also in the collection the first editions of the poet's works, the famous Kilmarnock edition and the Edinburgh, Dublin and London editions; also there are some of his papers executed when he was trying to fill the office of an exciseman. The writing in each manuscript is big and bold and

clear, and the spelling and punctuation are excellent. One characteristic that attracts the attention of the examiner is his use of short dashes after the punctuation marks.

Perhaps one of the most interesting bits of Burns's writing is the release to the farm that he had occupied at Ellisland. Burns leased it in the hope that he might make an independent living as a farmer, but his ambition was not realized. The muse offered superior attractions and this release was the result. It was to Ellisland that Burns went after his second winter in Edinburgh, "a saddened and embittered man." Ellisland is about six miles from Dumfries. The farm contained one hundred acres with a fine romantic outlook. "To the west," writes one that has visited the place, "the eye falls on the hills of Dunscore, and looking northward up the Nith the view is bounded by the heights that shut in the river toward Drumlanrig and by the high, conical hill of Corsincon, at the base of which the infant stream slips from the shire of Ayr into that of Dumfries." The rest of the bank on which the farmstead stands is covered with broom, through which winds a greensward path whither Burns used to retire to meditate his songs. But, unhappily, in the selection of his new home, as Allen Cunningham's father said to him, he had "made a poet's, and not a farmer's, choice."

The release to the farm reads in this way and it is in Robert Burns's own writing:

WHEREAS, I have paid the rents of the farm of Ellisland for the term of Martinmas first and settled my account rel ative thereto with Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, the proprietor of said farm, I have agreed to give up my tack of the said farm at Martinmas first. I accordingly hereby give up and renounce forever the said tack. In witness whereof I write and subscribe these presents at Dalswinton this 10th November, in the year 1791.

[Signed.] ROBERT BURNS.

It fairly thrills a man's being to hold in his hand a document that cut so great a figure in the career of this real genius. And it awakens the liveliest emotions to study the manuscript of the dear old song that has so firm a hold upon the memories of every man in whose soul there is the slightest love for his fellow men.

A characteristic letter to his friend Sloan is worth printing:

MY DEAR SLOAN:—Do not ask me why I have never written you. Blame anything but forgetfulness. I often remember you over my cups and to my cups. My present incentive, which has roused me from my lethargy, is a complaint from Mr. Readell that you have not taken notice of a late letter and business of his. I have insisted that you are incapable of ingratitude and I beg that by next post you will vindicate and excuse yourself. I have just made my appearance in two volumes. A copy awaits you. Yours,

ROBT. BURNS.

FRIARSCARSE, 18 Mch., 1793.

One of the manuscripts that Mr. Gunther highly prizes is the poet's apostrophe to dullness. It is printed exactly as it appears in MS.:

O Dulness portion of thy truly blest!
Calm-sheltered haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortunes solar frost or torrid beams
If mantling high she fills the golden cup
With sober, selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious their great success they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the thread of hope;
When through disastrous night they darkling grope;
With deaf endurance sluglishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
Thus heavy passive to the tempest's shocks,
hangs seeming
Strong on the signpost stands the stupid ox—
Not so the idle muse's madcap train,
Nor such the workings of their moonstruck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven or vaulted hell.

* * * * * *

All the rest of the poem is yet without form and void in the pericranium of the poet.

Following is an inscription for an altar to independence which Mr. Gunther very properly suggests should be used as an inscription on a monument to Burns that may be erected in Chicago:

If an independent mind
A soul resolved, a soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who will not be nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear.
Approach this shrine and worship here.

Written in pencil on a scrap of paper and almost obliterated by time is this pretty compliment to one of his lady acquaintances:

On being asked why God had made Miss Davies so little and Miss Mc—— so big—

Ask why God made the gem so small
And why so huge the granite,
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

A page from the journal that he kept during a tour in the highlands is a remarkable relic. The chirography is almost a scrawl and here and there is not so readily deciphered. Here is one page selected at random:

Tuesday—Findhorn River—rocky banks. Came on to Castle Cawdor, where Macbeth murdered King Duncan. Saw the bed in which King Duncan was stabbed. Dine at Kilbraick. Mrs. Rose, senr., a true chieftain's wife, a daughter of Clephane.

The journal bears the date of Aug. 25, 1787.

In the Gunther gallery there is also a medallion miniature portrait of Robert Burns by Robertson and a lock of the poet's hair.

Mr. Gunther has in his possession the only signature of Jean Armour, the woman with whom Burns fell in love in one of his periods of ecstasy and afterward married.

THE HUMANITY OF BURNS.

"In my schoolboy days," says a writer to the *London Scotsman*, "there resided in Kilmarnock, near my father's house, a widow named Clark, who had been a servant in the Burns family. Mrs. Clark was an excellent hand at field labor, and occasionally assisted my father's people. One day my father asked her if she remembered Robert Burns, and what kind of a man he was. 'Ay, brawly,' said she, 'I remember Robin—it's no easy to forget a man like him. He was an unco' nat'ral, kindly man as ever was. Ae simmer, wee Davock (his brother) got his leg broken, an' the callan' wearied sair in the hoose in the lang days. But when Robin cam hame frae his wark, if the nicht was gude, he carriet him out to the yard, and lay doon and read aside him and carriet him in again when the dews begood to fa'. He did the same on the Sabbath mornin' an' aye whan he cam hame frae the kirk in the afternoon.'"

BURNS'S BIRTHDAY.

BY J. S. MACNAB.

AGAIN returns the festal nicht
When Burns's name echoes oot sae bricht;
Ye scarce can see anither licht,
For th' electric gleams
Of his enchanted torch o' micht,
Effulgent beams.

Nature's ain darlin' poet he;
His sangs gush forth richt merrilie,
Like fountains springin' tae be free,
Sae move the lines,
Like some Æolian melodie
Steer'd by the winds.

Whaur Wallace turned tyrannic pride,
There Burns aft plough'd the mountain side,
An' there his fame will e'er abide,
True peasant boy!
Remembered o'er the worl' beside
Wi' rapt'rous joy!

As time rolls on, still mair endeared,
Praises an' monuments are reared
In climes whaur Scotsmen hae appeared,
As weel's at hame,
In this New World his name's revered—
An' wha wid blame?

This nicht we'll gether in a corps,
His sangs we'll sing them o'er an' o'er.
There's nane we haena heard afore;
But what o' that?
We'll sing them as in days o' yore,
As weel I wat.

A BURNS SUPPER MENU.

AN interesting, account of a Burns's Birthday Celebration in Salt Lake City, contains the following *menu*, which will be found suggestive and appetizing.

Tak' a Dram.

Kail Broth.

"Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
And wandered through the bow kail;
And pou't, for want o' better shift,
A 'runt was like a sow-tail—
Sae bow't that nicht."

Finnan Haddies. Saumon frae Tweed.
Saut Herrin' frae Leith.
Tak' a Dram.

Doup o' Mutton. Hock o' Steak.
Deuks Stuffed wi' Saebys frae Ecclefechan.
Bubbly Jock wi' Cranberry Sauce.
Hind Leg o' Jock Tamson's Soo.
Ribs of Hielan' Stirk.

"And aye a rowth Roast Beef and Claret,
Syne wha wad starve."

Gigot o' Mutton.

"I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel' wi' mense."

Anither Wee Drappie tae Slocken.

Royal Scotch Haggis (Tam O' Shanter Style).
" Great Chieftain o' the Puddin' Race."
Cauld Tripe. Bluid Puddin'.
Biled Ingins. Champit Tatties. Biled Neeps.
Tak' another Dram.
Roly Poly (Dumfries Style). Cake o' Shortbread.
Soda Scones. Parlies. Farls o' Aitmeal.
A Muckle Kebbuck o' Ayrshire Cheese.
Bawbee Baps and Tattie Scones.
Gingerbread frae Glasgo'.
Curran' Loaf an Jelly.
" And Lord remember singing Sannock
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, and a bannock.'
Tea. Coffee.
Fruits.

BURNS AND HUMAN LIFE.

THE Rev. Stopford Wentworth Brooke, Boston, in a recent lecture said:

" The people who apologize for Burns, are those who do not appreciate him. Burns the man and Burns the poetic genius went wonderfully together. There is more of the real Burns in many of his poems than can be learned from any known account of his life. The poem of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' though generally admired, grows tiresome to me. The only lines in it which ring with Burns's real feeling are those on happy love and on Scotland. Spirituality was in no sense a part of Burns's composition. He was, however, one of the most honest of men, as he was the most honest of poets, and he never deceived himself as to what he really was. His greatest poem is the one addressed to his friend Aitken, for that contains most of what he was himself. His intense humanity is what makes him most interesting and charming to later days. Like all Scotch poets, Burns loved nature, and never spoke of it in a perfunctory manner. But his descriptions of nature never stand alone. Human life was always more interesting to him, and natural objects were introduced only as the background for human actions and human emotions. His same large and vivid humanity is shown in his tender lines on

animals, and in this the poet was far more humane than many a hunter, biologist or even clergyman.)

"Burns never loses himself in his characters. His people always express Burns's own sentiments, as Browning's people always utter Browning's own views. But Burns's emotions were so broad and varied that he could and did change from one to another with true and clear perception. He loved every human feeling, except the mean and hypocritical. The poems of 'The Jolly Beggars' and 'Tam O' Shanter,' though not moral poems, are still deeply and truly human, and reveal the will of Burns as unmistakably, as clearly as it is shown in 'Mary Morrison.' His moral is that no man can hope to convince another of wrong when that other is happy in wrong ways, unless the man who attempts the conversion can show he is right, and that he is happier in right ways."

ROBERT BURNS.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

THOUGH hushed be the voice of the sweet bard to-day,
Yet his memory shall perish here never:
In lands that are favored by Freedom's just sway
'Tis anchored unchanging for ever.

No columns of marble needs he to proclaim
His worth—all emblazoned in glory—
Which decks him in honor beyond all the fame
E'er gathered in battlefields gory.

For his weapon was love—always strong to disarm
Many foes of the weak and the weary—
And his verse is imbued with an all-melting charm,
While his song flows both tender and cheery.

Though brief were his years, yet how brimful of woe!
Dull poverty still to him clinging;
But better than pomp's or vain wealth's fleeting show
Are his strains, in the nation's ear ringing.

Ev'ry vale of fair Poesy welcomed his art,
And round him their deathless bloom showers;
Sweet Poet, divine, that so speaks to the heart,
Thou wilt live while the birds live—and flowers!

FRAE ROBBIE'S COT.

BY ALONZO HILTON DAVIS.

HAIL ye wee bit daisy, Peppin'
In your e'e sae fair,
I can see your beauty sleepin',
I can feel your perfume creepin'
O'er my soul like zephyrs sweepin',
Frae the hills o' Ayr!

Ye hae heard the rain a-drippin'
As it only drips,
Where the muses a' are slippin'
'Mang the flowers, an' gently clippin'
Oot the bonnie anes an' sippin'
Nectar frae their lips.

Ye hae heard them oft a-singin'
There by Robbie's cot;
Ye hae heard the bluebells ringin'
For the fairies—dancin', swingin'
Thro' the meadows—fragrance clingin'
Round the sacred spot.

Ye hae seen the cloudlets bendin'
O'er that nest sae braw;
Heaven's love and light a-blendin'
O'er our songster's grave, an' lendin'
Voices to the muse that's sendin'
Blessings to us a'.

Weel ye ken his sangs are liftin'
Care frae mony a heart;
Frae his notes the warmth is shiftin'
Like the cherry sunlight siftin'
Thro' the mist that ever driftin'
Dims earth's fairer part.

Oot to him my heart is strayin,'
Weel I ken will shine,
Up in heaven the merriest day on
Which I greet this bard and lay on
His hair brow the laurels—prayin'
His the gift divine.

"ALLOWAY'S AULD HAUNTED KIRK."

MARGARET FULLER ON BURNS.

MARGARET FULLER, the distinguished American writer, in describing her tour in Scotland, in 1846, pays one of the most eloquent tributes to the genius and essential manhood of Burns that has ever been written. In her journal, passing through the Scott country, she writes:—

"On the coach with us was a gentleman coming from London to make his yearly visit to the neighborhood of Burns, in which he was born. 'I can now,' said he, 'go but once a year; when a boy I never let a week pass without visiting the house of Burns.' He afterwards observed, as every step woke us to fresh recollections of Walter Scott, that Scott, with all his vast range of talent, knowledge and activity, was a poet of the past only, and in his inmost heart wedded to the habits of a feudal aristocracy, while Burns is the poet of the present and the future, the man of the people, and throughout a genuine man. This is true enough; but for my part I cannot endure a comparison which by a breath of coolness depreciates either. Both were wanted; each acted the important part assigned him by destiny with a wonderful thoroughness and completeness. Scott breathed the breath just fleeting from the forms of ancient Scottish heroism and poesy into new—he made for us the bridge by which we have gone into the old Ossianic hall and caught the meaning just as it was about to pass from us forever. Burns is full of the noble, genuine democracy which seeks not to destroy royalty, but to make all men kings, as he himself was, in nature and in action. They belong to the same world; they are pillars of the same church, though they uphold its starry roof from opposite sides. Burns was much the rarer man; precisely because he had most of common nature on a grand scale; his humor, his passion, his sweetness, are all his own; they need no picturesque or romantic accessories to give them due relief; looked at by all lights they are the same. Since Adam, there has been none that approached nearer fitness to stand up before God and angels in the naked majesty of manhood than Robert Burns; but there was a serpent in his field also! Yet, but for his fault, we could never have seen brought out the brave and patriotic modesty with which he owned it. Shame on him who could bear to think of fault in this rich jewel, unless reminded by such confession."

BURNS AND PITT.

A CORRESPONDENT in an English newspaper "has unearthed an interesting contemporary criticism of Burns. It is by William Pitt, and is to this effect:—'I can think of no verse, since Shakespeare's, that has so much the appearance of coming sweetly from nature as that of Burns.'" If by the word "unearthed" it is intended to convey the impression that the opinion expressed by Pitt is a discovery, the writer is altogether mistaken. Pitt's opinion was first quoted by Lockhart, in his "Life of Burns," which was published in 1828. It was Lockhart's work which drew forth Carlyle's magnificent essay on the poet. Pitt's words have, of course, been quoted in every good biography of Burns since Lockhart's time. The great Minister was not essentially a literary man, though he wrote some verses, but his reference to the poetry of our National Bard shows that he possessed a sound literary instinct. It was Pitt's Ministry, moreover, that conferred a pension of £200 upon Dibdin, the author of so many admirable sea songs. Singularly enough, it was Fox's Ministry that reduced that poet's pension by one-half—surely a mean and discreditable act. Pitt was well aware of the poetic merits of Burns, and was, in fact, specially reminded of his claims by Addington when the poet was living. But, according to Allan Cunningham—not always a trustworthy authority—Pitt "pushed the bottle to Lord Melville, and did nothing." Possibly Burns's political opinions clouded his chances with the Ministry; and Lockhart is not far wrong when he says that, had Burns put forth some newspaper squibs upon Lepaux and Carnot, or a smart pamphlet "On the State of the Country," he might have been more attended to in his lifetime. There is no doubt much truth in that view—for, although the nation was on the eve of a great literary revival, to which Burns vastly contributed, yet he lived at a time when mean work done for a political party was more assured of reward than the noblest poetic service conferred upon mankind. Whatever Burns's political opinions might be, he was always a patriot; and even from a party point of view he would have been regarded with lenity, had it been known that he declined to earn £50 a year by contributing an occasional political article to an Opposition newspaper. After all, Lord Rosebery's defence of, or apology

for, Pitt's attitude toward literary claimants is not wholly unsound. Pitt, he says, in his sketch of the great Minister, "may have believed that money does not brace but relax the energies of literature; that more Miltons have remained mute and inglorious under the suffocation of wealth than under the frosts of penury; that, in a word, half the best literature of the world has been produced by duns." Lord Rosebery shrewdly adds that "pensionless poetry may at least bear comparison with that which has flourished upon bounties;" and he gives a noble list of literary men, including Burns, Wordsworth, Cowper, Scott, and Coleridge, who flourished bountiless, "under the chill rays of Pitt." Again, "Nothing, Pitt may have thought, is so difficult as for a Parliamentary Government to encourage literature. It may begin by encouraging a Shakespeare, but it is far more likely to discover a Pye. You start with a genius and end with a job." These words were written before the death of Tennyson, but at the present moment they are profoundly significant. The Laureateship is vacant, and there is not the slightest indication of a desire on the part of the Government to make an appointment. It may be thought that, in the absence of a Shakespeare, they have no appetite for any of the vast batch of waiting Pyes, in the creation of whom Nature has had no finger, but whom art has baked from very mixed materials. In brief, Lord Rosebery would fain have a genius for the next Laureate, and he shudders at the bare possibility of perpetrating a job in the selection of a Pye that would "stink in the nostrils of the nation."

ROBIN.

BY REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

HERE'S a health to you,—Robin! Robin!
Ah, but the world's great heart beats true;
Soul of song! thou shalt not lack lovers,—
Queens and princes have come to woo.

Ha! did they scorn you,—Robin! Robin!
Ha! did they scorn you with wreath of rue?
Bard of our choice! were ye now among us,
Friends and favors should not be few!

Here's a health to you,—Robin! Robin!
Not the old baneful, bitter brew!
Take the cup of a golden lily,
Brimmed with its portion of clearest dew.

Deck it with heather, or hawthorn blossom,
Dance around it, ye fairy crew
Pluck the red rose, for Robin! Robin!
Sweet and sparkling, from where it grew.

Ah! but our love for you,—Robin! Robin!
Singers are many, and songs are new;
Glad we greet them, and loud we praise them,—
Never, never the likes of you!

Here's a health to you,—Robin! Robin!
Robin's health shall the world renew,
Long as the lark sings high in heaven!
Or the daisy looks to the lift sae blue.

CARLYLE ON BURNS.

BY JOHN MUIR, F.S.A. SCOT.

TOWARD the close of last century, Ecclefechan presented an appearance differing little from its aspect to-day. Lying in a hollow surrounded by wooded slopes, it consisted of two rows of houses of a plain, unornamental character, which were annually whitewashed in honor of the village fair. Down one side of this single street, at that period, ran an open brook, which has been immortalized in *Sartor Resartus* as "the little Kuhbach," but which is now, for sanitary reasons, built over. The street is irregularly formed—a circumstance due not only to the disposition of the houses, but also to the windings of the little stream which gushes kindly by, wimpling and gurgling on its way to join the Mein water at the foot of the town, before the Mein loses itself in the river Annan. On the west side of the burn the houses are of single and two stories almost alternately, presenting a peculiarly notched appearance, and when seen from a distance, resembling the battlements of an imposing fortress.

In this little village the poet Burns might frequently have been seen during the last years of his life, while acting temporarily as Supervisor during the illness of that official. He made at least two visits to Ecclefechan, a record of which has been preserved in print. One of these is recorded by an individual who was lying in the womb of Eternity at the time of the poet's first recorded visit; and the other, which took place in the early spring of the year prior to his death, has been recorded by Burns himself. On the day following his entry into Ecclefechan, he had the misfortune to be snowed up; and, to break the monotony of his enforced imprisonment in the village inn, he imbibed to an extent which has left perceptible traces of a suggestive nature on the orthography of the following letter—a strange mixture of humor, exaggeration, and unconscious ungratefulness:—

ECCLEFECHAN, *February 7, 1795.*

MY DEAR THOMSON,—You cannot have any idea of the predicament in which I write you. In the course of my duty as Supervisor (in which capacity I have acted of late), I came yesternight to this unfortunate, wicked little village. I would have gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep have impeded my progress. I have tried to "gae back the gate I cam' again," but the same obstacle has shut me up within insuperable bars. To add to my misfortune, since dinner a scraper has been torturing cat-gut, in sounds that would have insulted the dying agonies of a sow under the hand of a butcher, and thinks himself, *on that very account*, exceeding good company. In fact, I have been in a dilemma, either to get drunk, to forget my miseries; or to hang myself, to get rid of them; like a prudent man (a character congenial to my every thought, word, and deed), I, of two evils, have chosen the least, and am very drunk, at your service!

I wrote you yesterday from Dumfries. I had not time *then* to tell you all I wanted to say; and, heaven knows, at present I have not capacity.

Do you know an air—I am sure you must know it—"We'll gang nae mair to yon town?" I think, in slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye to whom I would

consecrate it; try it with this doggerel, until I give you a better. You will find a good set of it in Bowie's collection.

Chorus—O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon;
The dearest maid's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shinin' on.

O sweet to me yon spreading tree,
Where Jeanie wanders aft her lane;
The hawthorn flower that shades her bower
O when shall I behold again?

O wat ye wha's, &c.

As I am just going to bed, I wish you a good night.

R. B.

P.S.—As I am likely to be storm-staid here to-morrow, if I am in the humor you shall have a long letter from me.

R. B.

It is a curious circumstance that the sin of intemperance should have been associated with Ecclefechan in the poet's mind. In one of his unpublishable songs he thus refers to it:—

Then up we raise, and took the road,
And in by Ecclefechan,
Where the brandy-stoup we gar'd it clink,
And strang beer ream the quick in.

Burns next morning did not apparently find himself in the humor for literary exertion (how could he, if the above account is to be trusted?), as no other communication from him bearing the Ecclefechan postmark ever reached Mr. Thomson, who used to boast in after years that all the letters and songs which he had received from the poet were in his possession, and that he would not part with them for love or money.

Our readers, knowing the poet's unreserve, will not, we think, be disposed to accept the above statements as a circumstantial account of the conditions under which the letter was written. Could any man, in the situation described by Burns, have written such a letter? We opine not. Neither could a tipsy man have composed the lines in honor of Chloris, a sample of which is given in the letter just

quoted. All the same, it is to be regretted that our poet so far forgot himself as to call sweet Ecclefechan by the uncomplimentary epithets he has used in describing that now famous village. Little did he dream, in his Barleycornian humor, of the destinies of Ecclefechan infants, one of whom, named Thomas Carlyle, born on the 4th of December of the very year of Burns's unlucky visit, was afterwards to be known to the world as the most sympathetic interpreter of his life and writings.

Ecclefechan, even in Burns's time, as the poet must have known in his sober moments, was by no means so contemptible as he would have us suppose. No less than four individuals, whose names and deeds have been rescued from oblivion, and who accompanied Burns part of the way in his all too brief earthly pilgrimage, were born in or near Ecclefechan, namely, Janet Little, the Scotch Milkmaid, who corresponded with, and addressed several poems to, Burns; and William Nicol ("Willie brewed a peck o' maut"). But it is chiefly as having been the birthplace of Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, the amiable editor of Burns's works, and the most effective friend of the poet's family, that Ecclefechan interests admirers of Burns. Its crowning glory is, however, that it was there Thomas Carlyle was born, and lies buried beside the dust of his kindred in the quiet little churchyard.

Nor was Ecclefechan and the Carlyles without their influence on Burns's muse. A real or imaginary damsel of that ilk, named "Lucky Laing," was the heroine of a little anonymous song first published in *Johnson's Musical Museum*, but now considered by the majority of competent critics to be from the pen of Burns. After our poet's description of the village, the reader will perhaps be prepared not to expect too much in the matter of minstrelsy; for what "wicked little village" could be otherwise than disappointing in respect of its bonnie lasses? Here is the song:—

Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinning-wheel,
A mickle quarter basin:
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A high house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonnie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan,

O haud yer tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O haud your tongue and jammer;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

This little song, says a critic, although not of the highest order, is dramatically perfect, both in style and humor. The majority of our readers, however, may not quite appreciate the dialogue. In the first stanza, "Lucky Laing," who boasts to her husband scornfully of her wealth and personal attractions, is the speaker. In the second stanza the disconsolate husband replies, and intimates that her demise would enable him to marry again more according to his own inclination.

In the last verse of the song, *There grows a bonnie brier-bush*, the hero is made to ask:—

Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle's ha'?
Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle's ha'?
Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'!
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle's ha'.

It is not improbable that Burns, as he sat at the window of the village inn on that bleak February day one hundred years ago, enjoying his post-prandial glass, and watching the snowflakes melting in the spated stream, may perhaps have cast his eye on a whitewashed, two-story house, on the opposite side of the street, a little way from the hostelry. If he did, he may have observed a man with a stern, resolute face; clear, intelligent eyes; and a strong rather than refined, but not coarse, mouth. This man, a stone-mason to trade, is well known to his neighbors as a person of great force of character, and much respected in the district, not less for his moral worth than for his natural strength of intellect. He is one year older than the poet, but outlived his ill-starred contemporary thirty-six years. James Carlyle, the name of the individual we have endeavored to describe, chanced on one of Burns's visits to Ecclefechan to see the subject of his eldest son's future Essay and Lecture. But I cannot do better than allow the younger Carlyle to contrast these two remarkable men, and

his reflections thereon, for James Carlyle, in his own way, was quite as remarkable as Robert Burns :—

The more I reflect on it, the more must I admire how completely Nature had taught my Father; how completely he was devoted to his Work, to the Task of his Life; and content to let *all* pass by unheeded that had not relation to this. It is a singular fact, for example, that though a man of such openness and clearness, he had never, I believe, read three pages of *Burns's Poems.* Not even when all about him became noisy and enthusiastic (I the loudest) on that matter, did he feel it worth his while to renew his investigations of it, or once turn his face toward it. The Poetry *he* liked (he did not call it Poetry) was truth and the wisdom of Reality. Burns, indeed, could have done nothing for him. As high a Greatness hung over his world, as over that of Burns (the everlasting greatness of the Infinite itself): neither was he, like Burns, called to rebel against the world, but to labor patiently at his Task there; "uniting the Possible with the Necessary" to bring out the Real (wherein also lay an Ideal). Burns could not have in any way strengthened him in his course; and therefore was for him a phenomenon merely. Nay, Rumor had been so busy with Burns, and Destiny and his own Desert had in very deed so marred his name, that the good rather avoided him. Yet it was not with aversion that my Father regarded Burns; but worse, with indifference and neglect. I have heard him speak of once seeing him: standing at "Rob Scott's Smithy" (at Ecclefechan, no doubt superintending some work), he heard someone say, "There is the Poet Burns"; he went out to look, and saw a man with boots on, like a well-dressed farmer, walking down the village on the opposite side of the burn. This was all the relation these two men ever had: they were very nearly coevals. I know Robert Burns, and I knew my Father; yet were you to ask me which had the greater natural faculty? I might perhaps actually pause before replying! Burns had an infinitely wider Education; my Father a far wholesomer: besides, the one was a man of Musical Utterance, and the other wholly a man of Action, even with Speech subservient thereto. Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the Endowment from Nature and the Arena from

Fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often; and partly *know* it. As a man of Speculation (had Culture ever unfolded him) he must have gone wild and desperate like Burns: but he was a man of Conduct, and Work kept all right. What strange, shapeable creatures we are!

It should be explained, with reference to Carlyle's remark, that his father and the poet "were very nearly coevals," that Burns was born in 1759, and died in 1796; and that James Carlyle, who was born in 1758, died in 1832, at the age of seventy-four, four years after the publication of his son's "noisy and enthusiastic" Essay on the poet, which first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for December, 1828, and has been reprinted in numberless forms since.

With reference to the proposed song on "the fair dame" whom Burns had in his eye as an artistic model during his inauspicious visit to Ecclefechan, and of which mention is made in his letter, the following bibliographical notes, which can hardly be familiar to any of our readers, are culled by the writer from a collection of chapbooks, mostly bearing the imprint of Brash & Reid, Glasgow, but, unfortunately, nearly all without date. One of these little publications contains "two favorite songs by Robert Burns," namely, *O wat ye wha's in yon town?* and *Open the door to me, Oh!* As we have seen from the letter to Thomson, the first of these lyrics was primarily intended to celebrate the charms of Miss Lorimer, but was afterwards, as we shall see, made to serve the double purpose of a tribute of the poet's admiration for the beautiful Lucy Johnston, wife of Richard A. Oswald, of Auchencruive, at the time residing in Dumfries; and that when Burns sent it for insertion in *Johnson's Museum*, he again made Miss Lorimer the heroine by altering the name of "Lucy" to "Jean" and "Jeanie"—for Jean Lorimer, the poet's Chloris.

In May, 1795, Burns enclosed the song in a letter to John Syme, asking him whether he thought he might venture to present it to Mrs. Oswald; but no mention, says Mr. W. A. Clouston, who first made the fact public, has been made by any editor of Burns's Works of the interesting fact that the song was first printed in the *Glasgow Magazine* for September, 1795, with "Jean" and "Jeanie"

THE TWA BRIGS O' AYR.

substituted for "Lucy," and a few other necessary modifications. The song will be found on page 155, Volume I., of this scarce Glasgow periodical (a copy of which lies before us), under the heading of "Song, by Robert Burns (never before published)." This gives us a probable clue to the date of the chapbook edition, in which the song is an exact reproduction of the version given in the *Glasgow Magazine*. The probability is, that it was printed from the last-named publication before its appearance in *Johnson's Museum*, December, 1796.

In the copy written for Mrs. Oswald, the third line of the chorus reads :—

The fairest dame's in yon toun.

In the Glasgow publication, as in the letter to Thomson :—

The fairest maid's in yon toun.

Line two of the third verse (not reckoning the chorus, with which the song begins):—

And on yon bonnie banks of Ayr.

Line four :—

And dearest bliss is Lucy fair.

These read in the *Glasgow Magazine* :—

Among the broomy braes sae green ;
And dearest treasure is my Jean.

The chapbook has "pleasure" (probably a misprint) for "treasure." Next verse, third line, for "Lucy," "Jeanie"; next verse, fourth line, for "tend," "tent"; last verse but one, fourth line, for "Lucy," "Jeanie"; and first line of last verse :—

For while life's dearest blood is warm,

Read in the magazine and chapbook :—

For while life's dearest blood runs warm.

The late William Scott Douglas, that prince among the poet's editors, in his Library Edition of the Works of

Burns, appends a long note to this song, in which he remarks, that "it was no unusual thing with Burns to shift the devotion of a verse from one person to another," but, like all other commentators on the poet's writings, he evidently believed that the song was first printed in *Johnson's Museum.*

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

BY REV. DR. WILLIAM S. SMART.

Delivered at the Anniversary of St. Andrew's Society, Albany, N. Y., November 30th, 1888.

OUR worthy president, Mr. Peter Kinnear, is recognized by all who know him as a kind hearted man; and he is too true a Scotchman to be other than "canny" in his judgment; yet I hardly know how to adjust this view of our friend, with the situation in which I am placed by his request, that I should say something to you about Robert Burns. I fear my acceding to his wishes was kind neither to you nor to me; and that for once he has been mistaken in his choice of a speaker. If I had considered well the difficulty of the task assigned me, I should have declined; but my reluctance was overborne by a desire to do something to please the man who has done so much for the memory of Scotland's greatest poet; and made the lovers of Burns everywhere his debtors by the fidelity with which he has executed a delicate trust, and secured a memorial which is so much of an ornament to our park and city.

No words of mine can equal the beautiful statue,* itself a poem in bronze and marble, which shall perpetuate the form and visage of Burns as he once appeared among men. No pen portrait can rival the sculptor's art, which has not only shaped a graceful form, but infused into his work a spirit, delicate and suggestive as the genius which has filled the whole world with the music of its sweet song. It is artistically perfect, except that which no art could reproduce, the large lustrous black eyes—"the finest I ever saw in any man" says Sir Walter Scott. But, while it is true that neither the statue nor the man it represents, needs our praise, it is also true that the last words on Burns have by

*Burns Memorial in Washington Park erected August 30, 1888, by request of Mary Macpherson. Peter Kinnear Executor; Charles Calverly, Sculptor.

no means been spoken. His place in the Pantheon of the world's great singers is secure. He was nature's minstrel, turning into sweet music her most familiar strains, and interpreting to us the glory which lies about the simple loves and joys and sorrows which measure the deepest feelings of the human heart, and which in the highest and best sense are our life. What feeling of the human breast is there which his genius has not transfigured; making our common thoughts and experiences to rise before us in robes of glistening light, and touched with celestial beauty? His magic wand had power to bring water from the rock, and to cause springs to arise in the desert. The life at Lochlea was rustic and laborious, and full of the anxieties which haunt a poor man's dream. The world looked anything but bright to Burns at twenty-five, when he wrote his "Epistle to Davie," and fed his heart on the delights of friendship:

"This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lovers and the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean.

It warms me, it charms me
To mention but her name:
It beets me, it heats me
And sets me a' on flame!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band
A tie more tender still.

It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean!"

And the heart which could thus sing the delights of friendship was as constant as fervid. In that noblest of all

his ballads "To Mary in Heaven," we hear the voice of elegaic love, as sweet and pure as sorrow ever poured forth:

"My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

The compass of Burns's song is something marvellous, when we remember how narrow was his lot and how little he knew by experience of the great world. But it was to this lack of conventional culture, and the boundless wealth of his own rich nature that he owed the originality which distinguishes his poetry. The Bible and Ramsey's collection of Scotch songs were the only books from which he could have drawn inspiration. Nature rather than art was his teacher. What an eye and ear in the soul of this man to whom the meanest flower that blows could give such thoughts as shine in

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower."

What kinship with dumb creation he must have felt who could address a field mouse:

"Wee, sleekit cow'rin', timor'us beastie."

Or greet his old mare as the best of friends:

"A guid new year, I wish thee, Maggie,
Hae, there's a rip to thy old baggie."

The music of Ayr and Afton flow gently in his verse, in notes sweeter than their own; and we can almost hear the rippling of the little brook in the lines:

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it whimpl't."

Not even Wadsworth, nature's greatest interpreter, has surpassed Burns in graphic power to depict the glory that is on field and flower, in sunshine and storm; the light that is on Scotia's hills from a "simmer Sunday morn" to the night when, "Tam maun ride."

"That dreary hour he mounts his beast in,
And sic a night he takes the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in."

But it is as the heart's truest minstrel that Burns in his songs has revealed his highest power. Here he is first, whoever may be second. Master of every chord which vibrates in the human breast, he has touched them all with the power of genuine feeling. Whether it is humor or satire, sadness or joy, whether it is faith or hope he sings, the note is true and the effect irresistible. He is the most natural of poets. He is never betrayed into affectation or rant. He sees clearly things as they are, and rightly felt that to say them simply, was the way to help others see and feel what had stirred his own soul. His range of power is simply marvellous. From "O, Willie brewed a peck o' malt," to "The Cottar's Saturday Night," he passes with ease from low-born joys to the sublimest consolations of religion, and the picture is true to life in either case. A veracious soul is this, open to every phase of our ever-shifting humanity, and able to enter and be at home in the wide experiences of men. Life, like nature, was to him full of significance, and he drew his lessons with unerring insight. If he had been Macpherson himself, and had lived the freebooter's life, he could not have infused into his "Farewell," more of the fierce and defiant spirit of the outlaw, fiddling and dancing under his own gallows:

"Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

"Sae, rantingly, sae to wantonly
Sae dautingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree."

From this wild note, which he struck with so sure a hand, he could change to the comic vein of "Duncan Gray," or the bugle blast which Bruce sounded at Bannock-burn, in "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." This is the love of freedom and of country blending in a soul-stirring battle song. "This ode," says Prof. Wilson, "the finest out of the Bible, is sublime."

From his songs, the spiritual anatomy of the heart might be reconstructed, and a true philosophy of life be formed.

And if it be said that he betrays a familiarity with the low side of life, and has sung all too well of the pleasures which leave a sting behind, his rare fidelity to truth must be his excuse. He is never more a realist than in these scenes, where he holds the mirror up to the weak side of human nature. The very fidelity is moral, and beneath the fun there peeps the monitions of a conscience which pities while it smiles.

He has been most blamed for the freedom of satire with which he lashes hypocrisy and superstition in such pieces as "Holy Willie's Prayer," "To the Unco' Guid" and the "Holy Fair." It was dangerous ground to tread on. It was easy here to overshoot the mark, and wound the most sacred feelings of a true Scotchman's heart. But he never misses the mark, which is not to cast ridicule upon the great realities of faith, but to rebuke the sins which masqueraded in his days under the forms of religion. We must remember that he lived in a century when spiritual life was at a low ebb, and the hypocrites in Zion deserved all he gave them. He was a Jacobite and Liberal in an age which had imprisoned "the spirit of liberty" in dead forms, and was content to "dwell in decencies forever." But you will search the writings of Burns in vain to find an utterance which is not reverent toward the real holy. It was the sham that he hated, as so just and so natural a mind must ever despise a lie which is dead and smells to heaven. For true piety he has reverential words; and for the virtues of humanity, and all that makes the worth of man, he had the keenest sympathy. I shall mention but a single example more of his originality. In his treatment of the supernal world, of witches and boggies, of death and the devil, he has a method which is all his own. He is the only writer who could have composed the "Address to the Deil," and the only one who has ever expressed sympathy with his Satanic majesty, or expressed even a wish for his reformation. How grim through the raillery and fun looks the eternal fate; grimmer for the fantastic humor in which it is here framed:

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh, wad ye tak' a thought, and men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den
Ev'n for your sake!"

But it is in Tam O'Shanter that "the fun grows fast and furious." Burns himself and many of his critics pronounce this his masterpiece. Carlyle does not regard it so favorably, and gives his verdict for "The Jolly Beggars." But the world does not agree here with the best and most sympathetic critic who has ever spoken on Burns. It would be glory enough for any man to have produced so delightful and weird a picture, steeped in fun, and filled with diablerie. In it there is wit and wisdom in most varying guise. It is Burns at his best, in all the wealth of fancy and mirth with which nature so liberally dowered his mind.

Judged by his poetry alone, Burns awakens our love and admiration. If, like Shakespeare, we know little of the life of this singer, his fame would still be secure. His works stamp him as one of the most gifted of men; and he is fully deserving of the high place which has been accorded him among the immortal names in literature. But read in the light of his actual life, our love and admiration are mingled with pity. Born and reared in poverty, his whole life was a battle, all too quickly o'er, with the incongruities of his lofty genius and lowly circumstances. We cannot help wishing that his lot had been kinder, and that his converse with the stores of garnered wisdom had been greater. But this sympathy for the man only enhances the greatness of our wonder at what he accomplished. We ask what might not Burns have done if his father had been a little richer, or the world he lived in a little kinder. But, so far as his fame and work is concerned, this sympathy is wasted. Nature was jealous of her child and nursed him to greatness on her own sweet breast. A rough mother she proved to be in his case, but he loved her as few have ever loved her, and he was ever proud and content to be her simple bard. She was his truest inspiration. By sheer force of genius he lifted not only himself, but the peasant class to which he belonged, into the regions of the heroes; and invested humble life with the noblest virtues, seen oftener in the cottage than in the palace. He was himself a sample of the class which has ever been the glory of Scotland, her peasantry, the best of any land. They were a race bred to manly independence and self-respect, shrewd, energetic, deeply reverential, and patiently loyal; with a staunchness that neither poverty nor persecution could overcome. From their ranks came the brave defenders of liberty of

conscience, which Laud and Claverhouse assaulted in vain. Above all, true to their own kith and kin, with rock-ribbed hearts in which the loveliness of affection appears beautiful as the valleys and lakes which nestle in their own mountain isle. It was for this class that he sung, and here he found all the rich materials with which his work is adorned. These "hardy sons of rustic toil" and their humble life, when lifted into the searching light of world-wide scrutiny in the poetry of Burns, have nobly borne the test. Humble, poor, laborious in life, the world beholds in them the truth of his famous lines:

"We dare be poor for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that!"

There is the vigor and the virtue of the race in the song, which rings with the grit and the wit of your true Scotchman the world over:

"Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,
When e'er I for' gather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog of guid swats and an auld Scotch sang.'

Burns's whole life was heroic in the best sense of the word. It was grand though sad. He bore up nobly against his hard lot, and sang all the sweeter as the darkness deepened. He struggled with the world that hated him for his Jacobite principles. He would not be a sycophant to please my lord and lady. He would not profess what he did not believe to win the favor of the "old lights" among the clergy. He would not conceal his sympathy with liberty and the rights of man, even to gain promotion from a Tory government, the only hope he had of escape from grinding poverty. He fought against his own weakness, and while it cannot be said that he succeeded, yet the aspersions which his enemies cast upon his life, do not fit into the fact that he discharged the duties of his office with singular fidelity, and maintained his humble home with loving care to the last. He was no ale house roisterer; and though he at times participated in convival scenes, of which even gen-

tlemen were not then ashamed, he was no worse and no better in this respect, than the lairds and elders of Mossgiel and Dumfries, who held him in such scorn, and whom he pilloried in his satiric verse.

A brave fight he made of his life, against outrageous fortune, for wife and bairns; and when he died he could look the world in the face as an honest man. Perhaps if he had not been so sturdily independent, it had been better for him. Perchance if he had not been so gifted, he had been more successful in the ordinary occupations of life. Nature made him a poet. He tried hard to be a farmer. He could not be both. But he was brave enough to make the attempt. He never relinquished the unequal struggle till death gave him an honorable discharge. He was true to his higher calling, and yet toiled for his daily bread like the veriest hind. He never degraded his muse to the level of a money-getting gift. He never made his genius an excuse from honest toil. He was an intellectual Sampson set to grind in the prison house of a Philistine age, and not till the earth closed upon his sorrows did Scotland fully discern the light so early extinguished with his life.

But the early wish of his brave and loyal heart was realized:

> **"That I for poor auld Scotland's sake**
> **Some useful plan or book could make,**
> **Or sing a sang at least."**

He did that, and did it well. Against fate he achieved an immortal influence. He came, he passed, but the world is richer for his sad life. Bring forth the bays, and bind

> **"The holly round his head,**
> **The polished leaves and berries red."**

There is none other to dispute the laurel with Robbie, or divide a Scotchman's love. He abides in the hearts his songs have delighted. And while the soul of man shall respond to the voice of affection and to the noblest sentiments of our humanity, he is sure of a warm welcome and loving regard.

It is just one hundred years, since, amid the discouragements of his life at Ellisland, he brought forth from the treasure of his rich heart, the song, "Should auld acquaint-

ance be forgot," which has gone round the world, and united hearts and hands in the spell of sacred memories. From the farm, where, in 1788, the shadows were thickly falling on his path, Burns sends us his challenge of eternal friendship; and back across a hundred years our hearts answer. Yes! departed shade of Robbie Burns, yes!

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne."

BURNS'S COTTAGE.

BY JAMES D. LAW.

WEE Cottage by the Banks o' Doon,
You roof is laigh, your rooms are narrow,
But we may search the warl' aroun',
And look for lang to get your marrow.
Mair honor'd are your rugged wa's
That thro' the years so steively stand,
Than a' the Castles, College Ha's
And Kirks in Scotia's classic land!

Here was the humble peasant born
Who took Dame Nature for his teacher,
And, holding caste and creed in scorn,
Became his country's greatest preacher:
Who ruled thro' Love and Wit by turns,
And still is KING of all his clan,
Our darling Bard, rare Robert Burns,
Above all titles yet—A MAN!

THE BURNS STATUE AT AYR.

WHAT stir is this in Ayr's old town,
What means this mirth this morning?
Is it the coming of a king,
With stars his breast adorning.

BURNS MONUMENT, AYR.

And is the royal pageant near
With all its pomp and splendor?
To whom the waiting crowds ere long
Their homage due shall tender.

Ay, it is homage to a king,
One who in years departed,
Trod dreaming o'er these self-same streets,
A king, but stricken hearted.

He was a king in songland's bowers;
The sweetest of all singers:
The doric harp of Caledon,
He swept with master fingers.

He came to earth unheralded
By gilded trump or tabor,
Sang of our joys, our loves, our cares,
And gave a crown to labor.

Though in a straw-roof'd cottage born
And linked with want forever,
His name is breathed with love to-day,
From Doom to Ganges river.

For who has not o'er "Auld Lang Syne,"
In camp or cottage lowly,
Repressed a sob, and felt his soul
Stirred with a something holy.

Who has not revelled o'er the tale
Of drouthy Tam O' Shanter,
And in his dreams beheld the mare
Witch-hunted homeward canter.

POEM ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

THE following verses appeared in the *Grafton Argus* (Australia), and had been sent to the editor with the assurance that they were written by Burns, and had not been previously published, so far as the sender knew. The friend from whom I got them had headed them "Words of

Cheer," but was, I believe, uncertain as to whether or not they had that or any special title in the newspaper. They may prove of interest at this time.

Lo! Calvin, Knox, and Luther cry—
I have the truth—and I—and I;
Puir sinners if ye gang agley,
The deil will have ye;
And then the Lord will stand abeigh
An' winna save ye.

But hooly, hooly! no' sae fast;
When Gabriel shall blaw the blast,
And heaven an' earth awa' hae passed
The langsyne saints
Shall find baith deil an' hell at last
Mere pious feints.

The upright, honest-hearted man
Wha strives to do the best he can
Need neither fear the Churches ban
Nor hell's damnation;
For God will need nae special plan
For his salvation.

The ane wha feels our deepest needs
Recks little hoo man counts his beads;
For righteousness knows nought o' creeds
Or solemn faces,
But rather lies in kindly deeds
And childlike graces.

Then never fear—wi' purpose leal,
A head to think, a heart to feel
For human woe and human weal,
Nae preachin' loon
Your sacred birthright e'er can steal
To heaven aboon.

Tak' tent o' Truth, and heed this well—
The man who sins mak's his own hell;
He'll find nae worse deil than himsel':
But God is strongest;
And when puir human hearts rebel
He hauds oot longest.

THE DEIL'S REPLY TO BURNS.

Oh! waes me, Rab, hae ye gane gyte?
What is't that gars ye tak' delight
Tae jeer at me an' ban an' flyte,
In Scottish rhyme,
An' fausely gie me a' the wyte
O' ilka crime?

I dinna mind to heed the whole
O' your unfounded rigmarole,
I'd rather haud ma' tongue an' thole
Your clishmaclavers,
Than try to plod through sic' a scroll
O' senseless havers.

Your witches an' your warlocks a',
Your spunkies, kelpies, great an' sma',
There isna' ony truth ava
In what you say,
For siccan frichts I never saw
Up to this day.

The trath is, Rab, that wicked men
When caught in crimes that are their ain,
To fin' a help are unco fain
To share the shame,
And so they shout wi' micht and main,
The deil's tae blame.

Thus I am blamed for Adam's fa',
Ye say that I maist ruined a';
I'll tell ye a'e thing, that's no twa,
It's jist a lee;
I fasht na wi' the pair ava
But loot them be.

I'd nae mair haun in that transgression
Ye deem the source o' a' oppression,
An' wae, an' death an' man's damnation,
Than you yersel';
I fill't a decent situation
When Adam fell.

Your mither, Eve, I kent her brawly;
A dainty queen she was, and waly,
But destitute o' prudence wholly,
The witless hizzy,
Aye bent on fun, and whiles on folly,
Wi' mischief busy.

Her Faither had a bonny tree,
The apples on't allured her e'e;
He warned her no the fruit tae pree
Or clim' the wa',
For if she did she'd surely dee,
An' leave it a'.

As for that famous serpent story—
Tae lee I'd baith be shamed an' sorry—
It's jist a clever allegory
An' weel writ doon;
The wark o' an Egyptian tory—
I kent the loon.

Your tale o' Job, the man o' Uz,
Wi' reekit claes an' reestit guiz,
My horny hooves an' brokit phiz,
Wi' ither clatter,
Is, maistly after a' the biz,
A moonshine matter.

Auld Job, I kent the carl richt weel;
An honest, decent, kintra chiel,
Wi' head to plan, an' heart tae feel,
An' haun to gie—
He wadna wrang't the verra deil
A broon bawbee.

The man was gey an' weel-tae-do,
Had horse, and kye, and ousen, too,
An' sheep, an' stots, an' stirks eneugh
Tae fill a byre;
Wi' meat an' claes, a' maistly new,
His heart's desire.

Forbye, he had within his dwellings
Three winsome queens and five braw callans,
Ye wadna, in the whole braid Lawlans
Nae fin' their marrow,
Were ye tae search frae auld Tantallans,
Tae Braes o' Yarrow.

It happened that three breekless bands
O' caterans cam frae foreign lands,
An' took what fell within their hands,
O' sheep an' duddies,
Jist like your reiving Hieland clans
Or Border bodies.

I tell thee, Rab, I had nae share
In a' the tulzie, here or there;
I lookit on, I do declare
A mere spectator,
An' thocht nor acted, less or mair
About the matter.

Job had a minstrel o' his ain,
A genius rare and somewhat vain
O' rhyme an' lear, but then again,
Jist like yersel',
O' drink an' lasses unco fain
The ne'er-dae-well.

He'd sing o' lads an' lasses fair,
O' love an' hope and mirk despair,
And wondrous tales wad whiles prepare
An' string thegither,
For a' he wanted was a hair
Tae mak' a tether.

So with intention fully bent
My doings to misrepresent
This book o' Job he did invent,
An' then his rhymes
Got published in Arabic prent
Tae suit the times.

You poets, Rab! are a' the same,
O' ilka country, age, or name,
Nae matter what may be your aim
Or your intentions,
Maist a' your characters o' fame
Are pure inventions.

Yer dugs are baith debaters rare,
Wi' sense galore and much to spare,
While even the verra brigs o' Ayr
Ye gar them quarrel,
Tak' Coila ben to deck your hair
Wi' Scottish laurel.

Yet Robin, lad, for a' your spite,
Your taunts an' jeers an' wrangfu' wyte,
I fin', before ye end your flyte
And win yer pirn,
You're nae sae cankered in the bite
As in the girn.

For when ye think he's doomed tae dwell
The lang forevermair in hell,
Ye come an' bid a kind farewell,
An' guid be here!
E'en for the verra deil himsel'
Let fa' a tear.

An' Rab! I'm jist as wae far thee
As ever thou canst be for me,
For, less ye let the drink abee,
I'll tak' my aith
You'll a' gae wrang an' maybe dee
A drunkard's death.

Sure as ye mourned the daisy's fate
That fate is thine nae distant date,
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
And crushed beneath the furrow's weight
May be thy doom.

THE MEETING OF BURNS AND SCOTT.

CHANCING to be in Edinburgh one day in the beginning of June, and having an hour to spare in the forenoon, we turned aside from the heat and bustle of Princes Street and entered the quiet, cool, classic shade of the Royal Scottish Academy. It was the closing week of the Exhibition of pictures, and as the hour was early the Galleries echoed to no footfall save our own.

Our motive being chiefly to pass the time, we wandered about in butterfly fashion, pausing here and there as something of interest arrested the attention. It was only when we had paced the entire length of the Galleries, and had come down half-way on the opposite side, that a picture met our eye which could be said to really move us, and looking back upon that visit it is almost the only one of the collection which has left any clear and vivid impression upon the memory. This may be partly due to the length of time spent before it, but that was an involuntary tribute paid to the power of the painting, and the interest of its subject to appeal to our sympathies: and, as we believe, there are many with kindred tastes to our own, perhaps a description of the painting may be enjoyed by such.

The painting is by Mr. Charles Martin Hardie, A. R. S. A., a well-known and widely-admired Scottish artist, and it seeks to portray the first and only meeting that ever took place between Burns and Scott. The subject is thus worthy of any painter. The meeting between Wellington and Blucher, Napoleon III. and Bismarck, Stanley and Livingstone, Johnson and Goldsmith, Knox and Queen Mary have had their artistic chroniclers; and why should not this, which flatters the just pride which all Scotsmen feel in two of the grandest sons the dear old mother country has produced? It is a picture before which we stood for half an hour with a sense of the keenest enjoyment, for in conception and execution it is, in our estimation, a masterly work of art, while the incident it depicts is rich in sentiment and national feeling.

The picture is founded on an incident related by Scott himself in a letter to Lockhart, and which finds a place as a footnote only in Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart." When the incident took place Burns was in the full plenitude of his splendid powers. He was the literary

"lion" of Edinburgh society. Everybody of consequence was seeking an introduction to him, and among such, but hopeless of gratifying his juvenile curiosity, was the boy Walter Scott, then only fifteen years of age. In the foot-note referred to Scott writes:—

"Mr. Thomas Grierson at that time was a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word, otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery at one side; on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms.* These lines were written beneath:—

> "Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's Plains,
> Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,
> Bent on her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave the sad presage of his future years—
> The child of misery baptized in tears.

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of the Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure. . . . His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness. . . . I do not remember any

* The print which thus excited the attention of Burns was given by Sir Adam Fergusson, son of the Professor, to William Chambers, who afterwards gave it to his brother Robert, in whose house it hung for many years. It is now in the Museum at Peebles.

part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should."

This, then, is the scene which the artist has sought to convey to canvas, and which he brings up before the eye by the magic of his art with a touch that transports the mind to the time and place where it was first enacted. The picture represents the drawing-room in Professor Adam Fergusson's "Sciennes House," a house which still stands, but which has been divided up into workingmen's dwellings.

The large square apartment is meanly furnished according to modern ideas, and contrasts strongly with the over-furnished bric-a-brac drawing-rooms of the present day. In no part of the painting is this more strikingly set forth than in the pictures which hang upon the walls. These are chiefly cheap prints in slim, narrow slips of frames, that a workingman would now disdain to fix up in his parlor. The room is curtained off from a small inner apartment by faded red curtains. In this smaller room a lady and gentleman are seen in conversation, while daylight streams in through the small panes of a heavily-curtained window upon a statuette placed in the recess.

Inside the drawing-room, and close to the curtain on the right, two ladies are being served with afternoon tea by a servant. On the opposite side, on the extreme left, and drawn close up to the fire in an easy chair, sits Professor Fergusson, the master of the house, as one may see at a glance by the brass poker in his hand. He is a slim, white-haired, intellectual-looking man, with white waistcoat, knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and buckled slippers. He has been arrested in the act of poking the fire, and is listening attentively to what the boy Scott is saying. The brass coal-scuttle, fire-irons and fender, with the large grey-striped cat sleeping on the rug, as near to the fire as it can possibly get, completes the picture of cosy comfort.

Near the centre of the picture, and right in front of the opening in the curtain, sits a group of famous men. These are Professor Dugald Stewart, the celebrated philosopher; Dr. Black, Professor of Chemistry, and founder of the pneumatic system of chemistry; Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations;" the Rev. John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas;" and Dr. Hutton, the eminent geologist and philosopher.

There is a vacant chair right in front of the group, from which Burns has evidently risen, as a copy of the well-known Kilmarnock edition of his poems is on the floor beside it, while several papers that suggest manuscript poems are lying upon the seat of the chair. It is evident that Burns has been reading some of his poems to Dugald Stewart, and has risen from his chair to examine a picture on the wall which has attracted his attention, while the Professor, with his hands on his knees, turns his head to hear the colloquy going on behind his back between Burns and Scott. Dr. Black, with arms folded across his chest, regards the scene with calm, keen interest. Adam Smith's attention has been caught, with a pinch of snuff between his fingers, and he sits with bent head, yet ears on the alert, listening with an expression of quaint curiosity on his heavy, homely face. The mild face of Home is also turned toward the two with a smile upon it, while Dr. Hutton, with his finger tips meeting, looks through his eyebrows toward Scott with friendly encouragement.

The grouping of these figures has been managed with consummate skill. Each is a carefully painted portrait, each sits in an easy and natural position; there is nothing constrained or conventional in their pose; yet great and learned as they are, and interesting as a group of the most famous Edinburgh luminaries of their time, they do not for one moment distract the attention from the real focus of interest. There is no doubting what that focus is. The well-known figure of Burns, and the no less well-known figure of Scott, albeit but a boy, at once rivet the attention, and claim the sympathetic interest of the spectator.

We have here Burns as Nasmyth has represented him, and as every lover of the poet likes to think upon him; but he is here, for the first time, painted in profile, with a cue of his own hair tied behind, and falling over his manly shoulders. Depicted thus, his fine proportions and noble figure are seen to full advantage. The dark flowing hair, with its curling love locks; the rich brown eyes, swimming in tears; the mobile, sensitive mouth, are all there. He is well dressed in blue tailed coat, yellow striped waistcoat, white buckskin trousers, and top boots, being the only one present with these. His hands are carelessly thrown behind his back, and a red cotton handkerchief hangs loosely in his fingers. There is something in the pose of the figure

THE AULD BRIG O' DOON, ALLOWAY.

that is peculiarly happy. The graceful curve of the back, the self-reliant poise of the head, the dignified yet easy attitude in which he stands, make one feel that though these others have kingly and college titles and dignities; though their names as scientists and men of letters have spread far beyond the bounds of Scotland, yet here, indeed, is one with the guinea stamp of a higher nobility upon him—a very "king o' men for a' that." And the painter, with fine touch, has made Burns look as if he were to some extent conscious of this—conscious that among the *élite* of Edinburgh society, among men who had achieved distinction, and been the recipients of honors, he was there among them on terms of equality by a right divine, which was the patent of his nobility, and which gave him a title to respect among the best in that proud city. You feel that he is not there by any mean act of self-seeking, by any fawning for favor or recognition, but by the God-given dower of genius, and that it is he, and not they, who gives *eclat* to the occasion.

But what of the boy who stands diffidently before him—pushed forward from behind by the friendly hand of young Adam Fergusson, the son of the host. Look at the towering, domelike head. No other man ever had a head like that. It is unique, as was the man himself in the great place he has made both in the ranks of literature and in the hearts of his countrymen. It is a head of tremendous possibilities. His blue eyes are fixed earnestly on the poet; his half-pouting lips are parted as in the act of speaking, and while the left hand leans upon the back of a chair, the figures of his right grasp the top button of his jacket—that all potent button, without whose artful aid poor Scott the schoolboy was helpless among his schoolmates, even with his marvellous memory to aid him. He has the gawky look of the boy who was a dunce at school, and in his short green jacket, with brass buttons, large white folded-down collar, white nankeen trousers that suggest the growing lad, and black slippers, he is in no way distinguishable among boys except by that wondrous head, which once seen can never be forgotten. The portrait, we understand, is founded partly on the well-known miniature of Scott painted in Bath when he was a boy of six years, and partly on the mask taken after his death, which may be seen at Abbotsford. You feel that Scott must have looked just like that

when he was a lad of fifteen, the time when the scene portrayed took place.

The picture thus delineates a great historical incident of profound human interest to all patriotic Scotsmen. Burns, the poet of humanity, the bard who sang, if ever bard did sing, because he needs must, who poured his poetic soul in a throbbing tide of passion into that little book of his which he had come up to Edinburgh to see through the printer's hands: whose sole ambition was for

> "Puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some useful plan or book to make,
> Or sing a sang at least,"

is seen here in all the full tide of his poetic power, in all the dignity of his independent manhood, looking down with dewy eyes into the face of the shrinking boy who is yet to thrill the world by the splendors of his glowing imagination, and to make mankind his debtors by the prodigality with which he has purveyed pure pleasures to the race in those marvellous creations of his brain that still delight the world. We see the man, the wizard, in the boy, and we honor the one and own the spell of the other while gazing thus at the young bud of promise as he stands before us on the canvas.

How every Scot must love the dear old courtly Knight of Abbotsford! What a healthy, manly, bracing atmosphere he lifts one into in his glorious tales, which shame the prurient trash of present day popular society novels by the tonic influence they leave upon the mind. What a stirring tide of patriotic pride, of martial ardor, of glowing chivalry he sends pulsing through the veins by his poetic romances! How we grow to love him all the more as we know him all the better through his Life, his Letters, his Journal, his Diary. It is when he stands highest we notice most his little weaknesses, that always leaned to virtue's side and make us love him all the more. It is when he falls lowest, through misfortunes not his own, that we see him rise to the highest pinnacle of moral grandeur in that giant fight with fate. And yet in all there has been no word written, no thought uttered, unworthy of the man, or that casts the faintest stain upon his spotless honor. Through all he is our peerless knight, and the knowing of him has only made us love Scott, humanity, and our native land the more.

Scotland could part with most of her other poets and novelists, and still survive the shock of bereavement; but filch from her her Robert Burns and Walter Scott, then is she poor indeed. They are so distinctively, so decidedly Scottish in thought and feeling, that we rest with confidence in putting them forward as representative of all that is most characteristic, all that is best and truest in Scottish character. The one is representative of her peasantry, the other of her bourgeois, and from these two ranks come the backbone, the "stalk of carlin hemp" of Scotland. And here, in this fine picture, we see the meeting for the first and only time of the two great worthies whom Scotland most delights to honor; the sons of whom she is most nationally proud. Surely the sight is one to stir the heart and move the imagination, portrayed, as it is, with a fidelity to details, a strength and naturalness of characterization, and with the brush of a pastmaster in the cunning magic of color.

Three years ago the same artist painted a companion picture to this with quite equal power, and of almost equal national importance. The subject was Burns reading one of his poems before a select circle in an Edinburgh drawing-room. We have heard that the model for his Burns on this occasion was the poet Alexander Anderson, who undoubtedly has the very eyes of Scotia's bard, as Nasmyth has depicted them. This picture was one of the most admired of the Exhibition at which it was exhibited. It is well known through photogravures of it which have been widely disseminated. The original was purchased by a wealthy Australian for £700, and probably now adorns his private gallery at the Antipodes. Is this great national picture to share a like fate? We hope not. There is room enough in the public picture galleries of our great cities and towns—Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Paisley, or in the National Gallery in Edinburgh—though one grudges to see the appropriation of all the national good things by the metropolis, when the need is so much greater in other towns. Would it not be a graceful act for some public-spirited merchant prince, or patron of the fine arts, to secure for the gallery of the city that has enriched him a picture that flatters so delicately the just pride of all true-hearted Scotsmen,

ROBERT BURNS'S CENTENARY.

BORN, 25th JAN., 1759.
DIED, 21st JULY, 1796.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO, ONT.

ONE hundred years since Burns died,
And hundreds more may roll,
Still shall he be Auld Scotia's pride,
High on her honor'd scroll;
His songs have won the human heart
Wherever shines the sun,—
Great High-Priest of poetic art,
Thy work was nobly done!

They say that thou art dead—not so!
True poets never die!
But on and on their measures flow,
As boundless as the sky!
Glad songs of HOPE, and LOVE, and TRUTH,
Shall never know decay,—
Burns lives in an eternal youth,
While empires pass away.

His songs of HOPE have cheer'd the slave
On many a dark domain,
Glad echoes roll from wave to wave,
And bids them break their chain!
"*Man's inhumanity to man*
Makes countless thousands mourn!"
Burns taught the Brotherhood of Man,
The tyrant laugh'd to scorn!

His songs of LOVE are sung to-day
On every foreign shore,
And shall with human hearts hold sway,
Till time shall be no more!
Their dove-notes mild can soothe a child,
Or play the lover's part
In court or cottage—love-beguil'd—
They woo and win the heart!

His songs of TRUTH all creeds uphold—
" *A man's a man for a' that!* "
An honest man's as good as gold,
An' nane can yet misca' that!
He had his faults, and so have we,
His virtues let us cherish;
His songs are sung from sea to sea,
Burns's name shall never perish!

THE LAND OF BURNS.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Some of the Scenes and Places Connected With His Famous Poems—Much that Will Prove Interesting About the Poet and His Life.

IN that broad and measureless sense in which a poet of the people knits his personality adorably into the hearts of an entire nation, all of grand old Scotia is truly the " land of Burns." In a closer geographical respect, where both personality and genius have been all-pervading, and have left on every hand some memory of association and enduring reminder of the bard's actual presence, there are, provincially, distinctively two " Burns's Lands " in Bonnie Scotland.

These are Ayrshire, on the Firth of Clyde, and Dumfriesshire, on the Solway Firth, adjoining counties of southwestern Scotland. From the top of Merrick Mountain in the northern part of Kirkcudbrightshire, which wedges a strip of glorious hill country to the north between the two former shires, to which I had tramped to wander down the Doon from its very source, the sight can traverse the entire breadth of both the Ayrshire Land of Burns and the Land of Burns of Dumfriesshire. There is not another scene in all the world more fraught with glowing natural beauty; not another one more mournfuly sweet and tender in gentle and pathetic memories.

To the eye the panorama of all the lovely land in which the brief life of the bard was passed is practically complete. To the mind all the vast host of his poetic creations; the joy and sadness of the man in their doing: the penury, struggle, glory and despair, from birth to death, are here massed with overwhelming impressiveness. To the west is

Ayrshire, at first, by the birth-spot near pleasant Ayr, sunny and low beside the sea. Then, following the vale of the Doon, it comes all the way to your feet, in gentle uplands, then in rugged hills and shadowy burns, and finally in huge mountains and savage glens. Passing over into Dumfriesshire, the mountains spread into broad, luxurious vales. One, where the murmuring Nith winds to the Solway, is a dream of opulence and rest. Then as the spires of old Dumfries town blend with the ragged solway edge, "hoary Criffel" looms threateningly. At last a glint of blue shows where is Brow Well, from which the poet, close to death, was carried back to the little Dumfries cottage and his loyal Jean; and like a tiny dazzling cone of white is seen the dome of the huge mausoleum where old Scotia's dearest bard is at rest in eternal peace.

The two shires and their very topography—the western sea and its soft shores, the vales, the uplands, the midshire rugged heights, the sweet valley where the bard's most fecund and his happiest hours were passed at Ellisland beside the Nith, the lowering mountain again, the glint of the sea and a nation's grave—powerfully suggest the two epochs of Burns's eventful life. Ayrshire saw his youthtide; his feverish, fervent early struggles. Dumfriesshire gave the only blessed calm he knew; the sad and desperate later days; and yet it was in Dumfriesshire that the great heart grew still. Ayrshire glories in his birthplace, the scenes of his youth, the unfolding of his genius, the first acknowledgement of his fame. Dumfriesshire is glorified by his riper fame, his better accomplishment, even by the pathos of his later days, and by the precious heritage of cherishing his mortal remains.

Though here to wander by the Doon, to which the mind unconsciously reverts at mention of the poet's name, while pilgriming among the countless shrines created by his living presence in these two shires, and looking down along the flaming shaft of light that links his genius and world-girding human love and magnanimity to the fadeless immortality of his name, I cannot but feel that the scenes which most breathe to the beholder the spirit of ineffable pathos and tenderness belong to the second epoch of his life, and lie along the Nith instead of clustering about "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." True, from where you may stand here with me on Merrick's heights the Ayrshire shrines,

almost within the limit of vision, are rich and countless. You may not discern each one with the naked eye, but you can plainly see where all may be found in a short day's journey.

The spires of Ayr seem almost beneath your feet. Just outside the rim of verdure shutting in the city, where a faint curling line of misty purple outlines the sinuous course of the Doon as it nears the sea, are the low-roofed thatched cottage where Burns was born, beside the splendid seat of Roselle, on the little farm of seven acres which was rented by the poet's father, and the spot where the Gipsy hag foretold, as the father was riding in haste for the doctor, that

We'll a' be proud of Robin.

Not a half mile distant can be descried the rotting bell-tower of "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk." All about are the scenes of "Tam O' Shanter," and near on a slight eminence can be see the white, colonnaded shafts of the great Burns monument. But a few miles to the northeast in a pleasant champaign country, now dotted by thriving villages and threaded with emerald lines of hedge, coppice and plantations, are Tarbolton and Mauchline, but four miles apart.

At the former was laid the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbrook," and it was here that the pathetic parting of Burns and his Highland Mary occurred. You can see the square tower of Mauchline Castle, whose owner, Gavin Hamilton, became Burns's patron, and will know that at this village was "Johnnie Dow's" house, and still remains unaltered the public house of "Poosie Nansie," scene of the "Jolly Beggars;" while over there but a mile and a half west of Mauchline is the noted farm of Mossgiel, once conducted with such ruinous heroism by the poet and his brother, Gilbert. It was here that the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and others of Burns's greatest poems were written, and where the poet, after preparing to fly to Jamaica and, suddenly being called by Dr. Blacklock to Edinburgh, from which he had returned in triumph, was clasped in his poor old mother's embrace while her ecstatic lips could only utter the cry, "Oh, Robert! Robert!"

These and countless other interesting with many tender identifications of bard and place or object are yours when wandering in or near the vale of the Doon. They are all

fine and good, and worth coming a long way to enjoy, but I do not think any or all of them take hold of the heart as does the spell which broods on the other side of these mountains in the Dumfriesshire land of Burns. Perhaps it is your own attitude and sentiment. Perhaps in the Doon country the suggestiveness of the youthful, vagarous, impulsively riotous earlier years of the plowman poet, when he himself sang of the

"Rakish art of Rob Mossgiel!"

haunts you like hints of hovering shadows. Perhaps, too, it is the occasional shock to your own reverence that now and then comes from the holiday sort of levity in thousands from all lands who come and poke about and go, as though there were a certain kind of purient gratification in fine remarks on the sacred episodes of Highland Mary, and gentle, loyal Jean, and on finding where immortal poet soul was sent among the human harmonies in the dark recess of the Ayr cottage—forgetting that the Master in the lowly manger came.

So if you know all the strange story and double picture, you instinctively turn from the vague buffoonery casual pilgrims interpret in the first part, to the later and better part where the strong, fine tread of poet and man first truly set in; to the scenes where few irreverent pilgrims come; and here at the utmost source of the bonnie Doon, with misting eyes you look over into Nith-vale past old Dumfries town to the roaring Solway tides and seem to know, as of a loved one gone, the deeper, tenderer mysteries of his environment and life. The period covers the ten years preceding his death, from his twenty-seventh to his thirty-seventh year of age; a period into which was crowded more personal hope and disappointment, joy and suffering, remorse for impulsive wrong-doing, heaven of purest domestic bliss, temptation and victory, agonized despair and triumph, than fall to the lot of most great men in their entire lives. There were first the disownment and desertion by Jean Armour; the betrothal to Highland Mary, with the sad parting and her tragic death; the publication of the now priceless though then humble Kilmarnock edition of his poems; the preparation for flight to Jamaica; the triumphant visit to Edinburgh; the generous caring for the mother and brothers; the glad reunion with his Jean,

and the homebuilding at Ellisland over there by the songful Nith.

Then came the brief, bright days. The proceeds of settlement with Creech, his Edinburgh publisher, netted him the then munificent sum of about £500. Magnanimously generous always, much of this sum, the first and last material good fortune Burns ever knew, went to Jean's parents, and to assist his brother Gilbert Burns in averting disaster in the latter's farm-life efforts. His lucky meeting with the ingenious and kindly Patrick Miller of Dalswinton Hall, had occurred. It had been settled that the poet, who hated the city with a royal hatred, should return to the plough. The nobility of the day never quite forgave his plebian longing and love, the source of his grandest inspirations. The beautiful farm of Ellisland, five miles above Dumfries, was taken at a rental of £50 per year. Burns unaided began his farm labors the first Monday after Whitsunday, 1788. He toiled manfully until the autumn of that year, meantime singing many a lusty song to his absent wife, and built the lovely cottage which stands embowered in roses to this day.

And then was celebrated the simple but glorious homecoming, when, with rustic rites, and his bonnie Jean upon his arm, "preceded by a peasant-girl carrying the family Bible and a bowl of salt," he marched proudly into his little home-heaven beside the winding Nith. All evidences agree that in the brief period of a trifle over two years, between Whitsunday, 1788, and Martinmas, 1691, Burns and his good Jean experienced an Eden of labor and love, despite their final enforced departure. It was also the period of Burns's best and greatest poetic accomplishment. But more children came to them. These must be supported. The crops failed, and inevitable ruin was approaching. It was then, with nowhere else on earth to turn, with no one on earth to defend him from the wretched influences of environment, that to save his wife and children from actual want, he was forced to accept the government position of exciseman at the beggarly pittance of £50 per year. The five remaining years of his life, after the poet, his Jean and their three children, Robert, Francis Wallace and William Nicol, removed to the humble lodgings, and then their cottage home in Dumfries, checkered, sad, pathetic beyond comprehension, are known to all.

It is because you see along the witching valley's ways the Burns of reality—manly, sturdy, weak as you or I in like plights, generous, magnanimous, pitiful, great, that you linger and still linger here. You can see him singing at his toil by day, or by the ingle-neuk with Jean and the bairns at night, or still by the little south window, working away at the tiny deal table when the inspiration came. You see him guest of lairds or companion of cottages, and beloved of all. There is not in all this fair domain a castle, a gentleman's seat, a cabin, or an old roadside inn, that existed in Burns's time, which does not preserve some relic of the poet, or some revered memory of his one-time presence. The eyes of your consciousness may know, all through Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, at this farmhouse of some unrecorded kindness; at the next of some pleasant incident; at another, of an odd adventure; now of perhaps a forgivable roistering; then, of some blessed help in time of need; again, of festivity of which he was the life, and again of prayer. Prayer from Burns? Yes, prayer with the living and at the couch of the dead, among those so lowly that somehow those "spiritual excisemen" who delighted to league the poet exciseman with "Auld Hornie" had no time from their "higher" parochial duties to minister there. You see him riding about the country on his two horses, "Pegasus" and "Peg Nicholson," not as exciseman rapacious with the scourging instruments of law, but keen with friendly warnings instead; ever leaning to the side of mercy; saving, not running, the ignorant and lowly. You see him, as the bitter days come on; with a curse in your heart on the curse which cursed his life, when the hand of poverty crushed him, and there was no helping one to save. You see him at Brow Well with the consciousness of death, still the most lovable of men, and alone with his Bible there. You see him carried back to the little cottage to die, and you hear then from the lips of loyal Jean the mighty disproof of all slanderous tongues in the one sentence, ever glorifying the husband and man, "He never spoke misbehadden word to me in a' his life!" And you know that tender husband and loyal wife rest together beside the songful Nith.

Two tiny streams, hardly more than brooks at some seasons of the year, and having their sources in respective

TOMBS OF THE BURNESES, ANCESTORS OF ROBERT BURNS.

lochs like little mountain tarns, are the real source of the Doon. These little locks lie at the eastern and northern edges of Marick Mountain. They have the curious appellation of Eagton Lane and Gallow, or Ga'a Lane. They flow north and empty into a greater loch called Loch Doon, an expanse of water perhaps seven miles in length and nearly a mile in width. This in turn discharges its waters into the now real river Doon through most picturesque gorges and tunnels forming many beautiful, if not majestic, torrents, forces and cascades. Thence the course of the Doon is northwesterly to where it reaches the sea about two miles below the city of Ayr, and its entire length, exclusive of the expanse of Lock Doon, cannot be upwards of forty miles.

The scenery about Loch Doon is wild and picturesque. Its northern horizen is a lofty mountain fringe of heathery heights, broken here and there by rugged, rocky escarpments of purple and puce. From this lock, for a distance of about twenty miles, the Doon winds prettily enough between the Ayrshire hills through valley reaches and past quaint old villages, but without that exquisite variety of bank and brae for which the pen of Burns has made it famous. At Patna, or still a little further at Hollybush, begin its tortuous windings. From here to the sea there is an ever-varying succession of the most idyllic riverside pictures to be found in all Britain. These were distinctively the boyhood haunts of the poet. After Hollybush comes Dalrymple, perhaps the loveliest village in the loveliest vale in Scotland. It seems in an endless slumber in its nest-like vale, hushed by the murmurous lullabys of the Doon. A little beyond is ancient Casillis Castle a noble old mansion of the left bank of the Doon, famous in song and story from the elopement of Lady Jane Hamilton, first wife of John, sixth earl of Casillis, "the grave solemn earl," with the noted "Gipsy Laddie" chief, John Faa.

From Casillis Castle to the sea the distance is about twelve miles. Here there is not a straight reach of the Doon a fourth of a mile in length. It twists and turns, forming every conceivable fanciful contour of shore; is hid between verdure covered cliffs to leap again into sunny openings; breaks into broad shallows with lawn-like edges; then with a rush scampers to covert beneath overhanging trees whose branches, dipping to its surface, sob and sough

minor refrains to its own melodious music. Fair indeed is the Doon, as Burns knew it, as it now is, past the Old Bridge, past the New Bridge, past Old Alloway Kirk, past the cottage where he was born, past a myriad thrilling witcheries of leaf and blade and blade and bloom and bank and brae, to the very spot where it is hushed in the vast blue sea. To wander lovingly beside it is to feast anew, and marvellously close to the personality of him who made its melodies beloved strains to the ear and heart in utmost lands.

REV. BURTON W. LOCKHART ON BURNS.

An address delivered before Clan Mackenzie, Manchester, N. H., Jan. 24, 1896.

SOMEBODY has said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws." He might have been thinking of Robert Burns. Burke, Chatham, Pitt, were all making laws and speeches while Burns was making songs; but I venture to say that the poetry of Burns will outlive the eloquence of Chatham, and the speeches of Burke. In those days Gibbon was writing that noblest history in the English language, a work which only scholars pretend to read now. Hume was writing the history of England, which even scholars do not now read. There were Fielding and Goldsmith and Sam Johnson, great men in their day, great still, but with a waning influence. For on the outside of this brilliant galaxy there was a Scottish peasant toiling for his bread, born to poverty and labor, who had never known any University but a common school; yet it had been written in the book of destiny that this man's name should be known and loved, his songs sung, his kindling thoughts move and rejoice millions when those seeming greater names should be little more than a memory.

When Nature made Burns she seemed to say: "I will show the world what I can do without the help of their professors and colleges." It is well worth noting the fact that Homer the greatest poet of antiquity, and Shakespeare the greatest dramatist of the world, and Burns, the greatest song-writer of the English race, were destitute of what we term a college-education. Are colleges therefore useless? No; but we are to learn that it takes God to make a man. All that a college can do is to give him a certain

polish and a certain direction and store of ideas. But if he is not a man, to begin with, you may cram him with Greek and Latin, you may stuff him with old-world lore and new-world lore, and he will be only a stuffed goose after all. Burns did not know Greek, he had no title, but he showed that "A man's a man for a' that."

Burns was not only Scotland's greatest song writer; you can't match him in England. Shakespeare wrote as fine songs, but not so many. One of the first songs I learned in childhood was

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

This song of War and Freedom, which Carlyle say is the best in our language, was composed by Burns when he was riding across Galloway moor in a stormy night. Mr. Syme, who was with him, noticed that the poet was strangely silent, and wisely held his peace. The sweetest and saddest scenes in our lives are blended with strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

"We twa hae paidlt in the burn
Frae morning sun til dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne."

Ah, the happy days when we wandered with the boys in the fields and waded through the brooks, and danced under the greenwood trees, and pulled daisies. But where are the boys now?

"We've wandered many a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne."

All the romance of the dear days of youth is expressed in that poem as perfectly as perfection itself.

It is a writer of love songs that Burns stands head and shoulders above all the world. Now it is the easiest thing in the world for a young man to fall in love. Even old men fall, and fall in deep, sometimes. But it is the hardest thing in the world to write a love song; a song that is not vapid or musty; a song that has the glow and fire in it, and the mighty passion out of which the gods rejuvenate the world. Millions of boys in love have written love songs. I have written some myself. But where are they now? Their leaves the sibyl scattered to the four winds of heaven. But Burns's love songs have become a part of the human

heart. They go singing through all the spring-times of love as birds do. And the reason is that the love songs of Burns are not made songs; they are grown songs. They sprouted out of the spring of the poet's heart, as the hawthorne blooms started in the trees. They are as simple, as sweet, as tender, as natural, as divinely musical as the simple divine heart of love itself is; and no matter who the lover may be,—a ploughman or a professor of Hebrew—the love songs of Burns are the utterance of that man's heart.

What one of Burns's love songs is your favorite? "Highland Mary," Bonny Doon," "Ae Fond Kiss," and "Green Grow the Rashes, O!" I cannot choose. We couldn't think of losing any one of them. In "Highland Mary" there is infinite tenderness; in "Ae Fond Kiss" and "When we Sever," infinite passion; in the "Green Grow the Rashes, O!" all the exuberant life of the young god Pan. Do you remember these lines?—

> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

But Burns is more than a singer of love songs. He is one of the Bards of Freedom. He was the poet of the people. And when kings are gone, when aristocracies and high-sounding titles of duke and lord are things of the past, when

> Man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be, for a' that.

Burns will be held in as high honor then as now. In that happy age for which we work and hope, when it shall not be said

> Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn;

when none shall be compelled by bitter poverty to

> "Beg a brother of the earth
> To give him leave to toil;"

in that age a fresh garland shall be woven for the poet who sung,—

> "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Heine, the German poet, said: "When I am dead do not lay flowers, but a sword, on my coffin. For I was a soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity." We may say of Burns that he was a soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity. His songs work with the forces that liberate men from tyranny. And when the republic of man is ushered in it will point to Burns as one of its mortal founders.

A DESCENDANT OF BURNS.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards the *Adelaide Observer* the following: "A Scotchman would go a long distance to see a relic of Scotland's bard. Very precious in his eyes is something belonging to Robert Burns. Much more precious, however, is the sight of the face of one in whose veins runs the blood of so admired a son of his native land. Mrs. A. V. Burns Scott is the great-granddaughter of Robert Burns. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Hutchinson. Her mother was the daughter of the poet's youngest son, James Glencairn Burns. We have, therefore, in Adelaide society, a lineal descendant of the master of Scottish song, if, indeed, not of all song. Those who may have seen at any time the portrait of "Bonnie Jean," taken in somewhat advanced life, will remember the child that stands by her side with a daisy in her hand. This child was named Daisy by her father, J. Glencairn Burns, and in womanhood Daisy became Mrs. Scott's mother. Daisy was the granddaughter of "The Bonnie Jean," as Mrs. Scott affectionately called her.

The first object Mrs. Scott showed me was the topaz seal of her great-grandfather. It had stamped many a bright epistle, no doubt. Engraved on a yellow topaz stone is a "thrush" sitting on a twig, and encircled by the words, "Wood notes wild." I could hardly believe that my eyes rested on the veritable seal of the great Scottish genius. It seemed so precious, as my fingers rested upon it, I felt as if it were still instinct with the touch of the great departed. I then examined a manuscript in his handwriting. Very old and very worn, but most carefully preserved. It is a poetic effusion, written 106 years ago,

and signed in his own usual firm hand—Robert Burns. Underneath his signature he had evidently written one or two words—probably Poet Laureate—but they are effectually erased. There are one or two corrections, and as it has never appeared in any collected edition of his works I here append a copy. It is dated from Edinburgh, 1787.

The crimson blossom charms the bee,
The summer's son the swallow,
So dear this tuneful gift to me
From lovely Isabella.

Her portrait fair upon my mind
Revolving time shall mellow,
And mem'ry's latest effort find
The lovely Isabella.

No bard or lover's rapture this,
In fancies vain and shallow.
She is, so come my soul to bliss,
The lovely Isabella.

Who the "lovely Isabella" was it is difficult to say. A careful perusal of the poet's whereabouts in 1787, although given with great detail in his life by Chambers, does not reveal the lady who had excited his muse. It was the year in which he was mainly in Edinburgh, and during the early months of which he met the famous Duchess of Gordon, besides many other Scotch folk of rank and literary fame. It is supposed that the "lovely Isabella" formed one of the group in the beautiful painting lately hung for too brief a period in the Adelaide Gallery of Art by Sir Thomas Elder, and entitled "Burns reading the 'Cottar's Saturday Night' to the Duchess of Gordon." The year 1787 was one of the most eventful of his life. Still it is somewhat strange that "Isabella" cannot be identified.

It is the intention of the South Australian Caledonian Society to erect a monument to the memory of Burns. I understand that its completion is near, and within a short period the ceremony of unveiling the statue will be performed. This will be an honor which any chieftain of that society may feel proud to have conferred upon him. But may I suggest that while a lineal descendant of the poet is here to raise the veil, no other hand should be asked to do it. If I accept my own feelings as the feelings of every Scotchman, and of every true admirer of my country's

most famous son, the desire will be universal that Mrs. Scott should perform the ceremony; and the Caledonian Society will feel proud, I am sure, that a lady so representative of Robert Burns and the Bonnie Jean is in our midst at this moment to unveil the form that will remind the generations that come and go of the greatest genius of song.

THE LASSIE THAT BURNS LICKIT.

BY SAM TEENAN.

THIS story I am about to tell of Robert Burns was related to me as far back as the early sixties. It was the fall of the year, and I was on a visit to the late Mr. William Bell, who was for many years master forester to the late Marquis of Tweeddale, the famous Indian soldier and agriculturist, a beautiful monument to whose memory now adorns the county town of East Lothian. The dwelling of Mr. Bell was situated in the centre of a great pine wood called Blawearie, on the estate of Yester, near Gifford, and not far from the Goblin Ha' mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion." The house of Mr. Bell also went by this eerie-sounding name, and there was no human habitation near it. At the time of my visit Mr. Bell's mother, a very old woman, was sojourning at Blawearie. Notwithstanding her great age, Mrs. Bell, or Peggy Bell as she was familiarly called by those among her relatives and neighbors who preferred her maiden name, was blessed with all her faculties to a remarkable degree of acuteness. She had discarded the use of spectacles, and could hear the fall of a pin, and her memory was not in any way impaired. The animation she displayed and the brightness of her intellect struck me as altogether wonderful in a person of her age.

On the first night of my stay at Blawearie I learned by the kitchen fire, round which, after tea, we had gathered to spend the long forenight in joking and story-telling, as was the custom in this solitary place, that Mrs. Bell had come from Dumfries about the beginning of this century. Being then, as I am now, an ardent admirer of Burns, the first thing I asked when I heard the old woman say so was if she knew anything from personal observation of, or had ever seen or known, Robert Burns. At my inquiries the

face of Mrs. Bell brightened, and she there and then related to me the following characteristic story of Robert Burns, which I here transcribe almost word for word as the old woman told it.

"Hech me! Ken Robbie Burns? Ay; an' guid reason had I to ken something aboot him," began Mrs. Bell. "When I was a bit lassie I was in his service for a while at Ellisland keepin' his bairns. He was a guid-hearted man Burns; but he had a het temper. A'body liked him; but, my faith, some folk feared him, too.

"Weel, ae mornin', aboot the beginnin' o' spring, he had been oot on the land gey early, an' cam' in for his breakfast atween the hours o' aught an' nine. He wasna himsel' that mornin'. Something, I think, had fashed him ootside, for, instead o' comin' into the hoose by the fore door (front door), as was his custom, he cam' in by the kitchen door, wi' the intention o' gaun through into the spense (parlor). That same mornin' Burns's auldest callant, Robbie, had been oot i' the yard playin' himsel', an' hadna come in at the usual time for his breakfast, sae that his luggie (porringer) o' parritch was cauld. Little Robbie wadna sup them in sic a state, an' stood greetin' at the ingleside. As Burns was passin' through the kitchen he looked owre at the callant, an' asked, in an angry way, what was wrang wi' him. Jean Armour (the immortal 'Bonnie Jean'), his wife, who was busy doin' something at the fireside, answered that little Robbie had been oot an' had come in owre late for his breakfast, an' was greetin' because his parritch was cauld. Burns demanded to ken what way the laddie's parritch hadna been put beside the fire an' kept warm; an', bein' near him at the time, Burns suddenly grippit me by the airm, an' laid me face doonwards alang the tap o' the dresser, an' lickit me weel on the bare hurdies wi' his open loof. It was a' dune in a jiffy, an', as I was only a lassie aboot twal year auld, he seemed to think little aboot his action at the time. Sic a thing was little thocht aboot amang the farmers an' their wives in thae days, though they wad be daured to do the like noo. After Burns had got his passion oot on me, he stalked awa' ben into the spense withoot sayin' a word, clashin' the door ahint him.

"In my shame and bairnly anger I bolted oot o' the kitchen an' ran into the byre, where I grat for a meenit or twa, an' syne, bareheided an' withoot my plaidie, set aff as

hard as I could hame to my mither's hoose, aboot six miles awa'. As sune as I got into the hoose my strict Presbyterian auld mither asked me, angrily, what I had been runnin' for, an' what I had dune that I had come hame in sic a sudden an' half-clad fashion. I tellt her the whole story, sabbin' an' speakin' time aboot. 'Ay, ay, ye little limmer,' said my mither when I had finished my story, 'ye maun hae been doin' something wrang, for neither Burns nor nae ither 'sponsible man wad hae daured strike ye in sic a manner for doin' naething. But back ye'll gang, ye hussy, an' back this meenit, too.'

"My mither then put on her auld bonnet an' shawl an' marched me oot o' the hoose the way I cam', an', after lockin' the door, grippit me firmly by the hand an' set oot wi' me on my return to Ellisland. On oor arrival at the farmhoose Burns was oot, but Jean Armour, wha was doin' something in the kitchen, lauched when she saw me, an' tellt me never to mind, for it was only ane o' the guidman's tantrums. Withoot mony mair words I was put into my auld place, an' after Jean Armour had gien her some refreshments my auld mither stappit jocosely awa' hame.

"Some weeks after this, aboot the Dumfries feein' market time, I was oot wi' the bairns giein' them a daunder on the road that leads frae Ellisland farmhoose doon to the Nith, when wha should I meet a' by himsel' but Burns? When we cam' up to each other, he looked doon at me an' said—'Weel, Peggy, my dear, are ye giein' the weans a daunder?' I answered that I was. Instead o' him gaun awa' then, as I expeckit he wad, he stood still, as if ettlin' (intending) to say mair. An' mair he did say, to my surprise, for after a meenit's silence he burst oot wi' this, in a kind o' confused way—'Peggy, d'ye mind yon day I gied ye the lickin'? I was vexed for't after I did it, my lassie, but I was sair put aboot that mornin' wi' a mischance that befell me oot in the fields. I am rale vexed noo that I did it, Peggy, but my passion fairly got the better o' me that day. Jean tells me, my dear, that ye're thinkin' aboot lookin' after mair wages this term, an' I suppose when that's the case ye'll be gaun to Dumfries feein' market. Weel, my lassie, seein' that's yer intention, I'll look for ye there an' gie ye a present, an' ye maun forgie me for my angry fit yon mornin' when I skelpit ye.'

"An', sure eneuch, when the feein' day cam' I was at

Dumfries, an' saw Burns there too, though I never expeckit he wad fash his heid ony mair aboot the present he promised me. As sune as he saw me in the crood he cam' hastily forrit to within twa or three yairds o' me, an' beckoned wi' his hand for me to follow him. When he saw that I understood an' was followin' him he stappit awa' at a guid pace to a then famous merchant's shop in the High Street where a' kinds o' claithes for women and men were sellt. When baith o' us got into the shop Burns ordered the salesman to fit me wi' a braw new dress, ane suitable for me to gae into service wi' some weel-aff farmer. When I had been fitted an' the dress had been paid for by Burns, he an' I cam' oot on to the street, where he touched me on the shoulther wi' his hand an' tellt me, wi' a wink an' a smile (I ne'er saw a man that could smile like him), to say naething aboot the dress he had gien me to Mrs. Burns. Nae doubt he said this to me because they were gey hard up at Ellisland at the time. Burns then bade me guid day, an' it was lang efter he was deid, puir chiel, before I first tellt this story o' his guid-heartedness to a servant lassie like me."

The assembled household listened to the story with deep interest, and I thanked Mrs. Bell profusely for it when she had concluded. But there was something else I wanted to know, and so when Mrs. Bell had got some breathing space I inquired what series of events had brought her to East Lothian.

"Oh, that's no a lang story. I'll sune tell ye hoo I cam' here," answered Mrs. Bell in reply to my question. "Weel, ye ken, I got a place at Dumfries feein' market that day I got the grand dress frae Burns, an' I stayed in it twa years. After that I drifted back into the toon o' Dumfries, where I was in a situation when my guidman, wha noo lies in his grave, cam' coortin' me. He was a fine-lookin' private in the Haddingtonshire Militia, an' his regiment at that time was quartered at Dumfries. Jamie Bell bein' a bang an' bonnie young man, I sune gied my heart to him, an' the lang an' the short o' it was that when the regiment broke up I cam' to East Cothian wi' him, an' sune after we were marrit. I hae lived here ever since, an' hae brocht up a big faimily o' sons an' dochters. My guidman dee'd twa or three years syne, but no before he had seen his bairns in a guid way o' doin' in the warld. When I feel lanely I aye wish he had been spared langer to share the weal an' wae o'

my last days. But I daursay I haena lang to wait noo before I see his kindly auld face," Mrs. Bell concluded, with a deep sigh.

And neither she had, for I got an invitation to attend the funeral of Mrs. James Bell to Haddington Churchyard not long after she had related this story to me. Mrs. Bell died in 1864, at the age of ninety-three years, at Letham Mains, a large farm about a mile west from Haddington, in the house of her grandson, William Drummond, who was at that time an active young ploughman in the service of Mr. James Johnstone, the then tenant of Letham Mains.

THE "LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS."

BURNS'S "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks" must always have an interest for the admirers of the poet; and the little work on the subject which Dr. James Adams of Glasgow has now given us may be assured of a hearty welcome far and wide. Dr. Adams tells us that he has long had the desire to scatter the garbage of detraction spread over "Chloris" by Allan Cunningham, and kept preserved by the small fry of editorial godfathers of booksellers' "pot-boilers," who have fed on the foul imagination of their great prototype—"parasitic vermin crawling on the carcase of genius." So far as "Chloris" is concerned he has achieved his purpose; but some of his views regarding the poet and his various biographers and editors are certainly open to question. He wants to see in every dwelling in Scotland an edition of Burns, from which everything is excluded that a father would not care to read aloud to his sons and daughters. If we are to go on that principle we may as well begin to call out for an expurgated Bible and a tinkered Shakespeare. For healthy moral natures there is about as much—or as little—to object to in the work of our national poet as there is in the Old Testament itself; and, as Dr. Adams himself is constrained to admit, there are among the millions of Burns votaries very many who will not have their literary food cut and spooned out for them. Once the faddists begin their Bowdlerising of Burns, there is no saying where the tinkering may end. We should certainly have the teetotalers at work on a "family edition," and Willie, instead of brewing a peck o' maut, would

probably proclaim that he had brewed a pot of tea! No, no; we will take our Burns as he is, each one judging for himself in what measure, if any, the poet is deserving of censure.

* * * * * *

On his main theme, however, Dr. Adams is intensely interesting. His father, Dr. Alexander Maxwell Adams, long of St. Patrick Square, Edinburgh, was "Chloris's" medical attendant, and on one occasion, some sixty-four years ago, the author being sent on a message to the lady, had a long interview with her, upon the recollection of which he has now drawn. Jean Lorimer, to give the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks" her prosaic name, resided in Middleton's Entry, near Nicolson Square, her house being "one stair up, in a common staircase, on the left side of the entry as it led from the Square." The messenger's business was to receive a small packet of letters and MSS. written by Burns, which were being given to Dr Adams in acknowledgment of professional services, he having declined to make any charge. When the boy was leaving "Chloris" held his hand in motherly fashion, and with kindly earnestness said, "Now dinna forget when you are a big man that you had the good wishes of the lassie wi' the lint-white locks." It was not likely that Dr. Adams would forget, and the pleasing incident makes his book all the more interesting. The author tells us that Mrs. Lorimer was very proud of her flaxen hair, which had a touch of yellow in it, and that she was pleased when its color was observed. Burns, it may be remembered, called her "bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall," and her bewitching loveliness may be taken for granted when we recall the fact that she forms the subject of some thirty of the poet's best and purest productions. "Chloris" died in the September of 1831, and was laid to rest in Newington Cemetery. For some time she had been housekeeper to a gentleman in Blacket Place, who, with other friends, saw to her wants being supplied to the end.

MR. ERNEST RHYS'S BURNS.

Mr. J. M. Dent's series of "Lyrical Poets" improves with its progress. The new volume consists of the "Lyr-

ical Poems of Robert Burns," and Mr. Ernest Rhys has treated his subject with unusual success. Every critic must have his favorites, and Burns would seem to stand high among Mr. Rhys's predilections, for he has written of him with a degree of sympathy only possible in the case of genuine admiration. The little introduction is, indeed, a very finished piece of criticism, well constructed, well argued, and expressed with much dignity and not a little grace.

It opens with a defence of Burns's life from the foolish criticism of the Puritan, and Mr. Rhys differentiates between art ethics very neatly, and with commendable discretion. "It has been the common responsibility of his biographers," he says, "to point out how differently he might have lived, how much more wisely he might have ordered his days. More wisely, perhaps, but not so well. There is a diviner economy in those things than we have come to allow. . . . Without Burns's fatal love for Mary Campbell we should not have had the song 'Highland Mary' and the lines to Mary in heaven. . . . Without the incredible episode of his appearance on the cutty stool we should not have had the Epistle to Rankine and other poems which followed, inspired first of all by the smart under a rude church discipline. Without those terrible orgies in low taverns, when on occasion Burns locked the door that no roisterer might escape, we should not have had 'Tam O' Shanter' and 'The Jolly Beggars.'"

Mr. Rhys is sorely upset with Matthew Arnold because he said that Burns was not a classic. "Not a classic?" he replies: "then the term can avail us but little, I think, in lyric poetry. If it is to be a real and not merely a gentlemanly distinction in poetry: if passion, fancy, wit, imagination, irresistibly musical, set to the lyric note by a born master of words, cannot procure that praise, then the lyric art must exist for other ends, and the terms be confined to the schools." Well, it is the old difficulty, of course, the difficulty of a term's connotation. Mr. Rhys, a close student himself of Matthew Arnold, does not need to be reminded that that critic set his own interpretation upon the word "classic" and employed it always with a specific meaning. It was to be applied, he said, to work which combined a *high seriousness* of matter with a *high seriousness* of manner, to poetry expounding a criticism of life in ac-

cordance with the laws of poetic truth and beauty. A limited definition this may be; but it remains Arnold's own, and that by which his own criticism must be criticised.

Apply it, then, to Burns, and is there not something wanting? Surely it is true that his most earnest utterances are touched with a taint of homily, his ballads of deep drinking, with a tendency to theatrical display. If poetry is to criticise life Burns's contribution to poetic philosophy *must* be held to fall short of the classic completeness, the "high seriousness," of the best. But as a lyric singer he remains alone. In that respect no one could gainsay his attributes, and Mr. Rhys's delightful edition, valuably annotated and dated, is a worthy collection of vast riches in a little room.

THE TOMB OF BURNS.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

WHAT woos the world to yonder shrine?
What sacred day, what dust divine?
Was this some master faultless—fine—
  In whom we praise
The cunning of the jewelled line,
  And carven phrase?

A search of our source and goal,
A leader of God's secret scroll?
A Shakespeare flashing o'er the whole
  Of man's domain—
The splendor of his cloudless soul,
  And perfect brain?

He erred, he sinned, and if there be,
Who from his hapless frailties free,
Rich in the power, virtues see
  His faults alone,
To such, oh, Lord of Charity,
  Be mercy shown.

Single he faced the bigot brood,
The meanly wise, the feebly good;
He pelted them with pearl, with mud
  He fought them well;
But by the stupid million stood,
  And then—he fell.

Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthy humors that oppress
  The radiant mind,
His greatness, not his littleness,
  Concerns mankind.

A dreamer of the common dreams,
A fisher in familiar streams,
He chased the transitory gleams
  That all pursue,
But on his lips the eternal themes
  Again were new.

And though twice statelier names decay,
His own can wither not away,
While plighted lass and lad shall stray
  Among the broom,
Where evening touches glen and brae
  With rosy gloom.

While nations see, in holy trance,
That vision of the world's advance
Which glorified his countenance,
  When from afar
He hailed the hope that shot o'er France
  Its crimson star.

While plumed for flight, the soul deplores
The cage that foils the wing that soars,
And while, through adamantine doors,
  In dreams flung wide,
We hear resound on mortal shores
  The immortal tide.

"THE JOLLY BEGGARS."

MR. COLIN RAE-BROWN writes:—"Mr. David Graham Adee recently contributed an article to *Lippincott's Magazine*, entitled 'The Ballad of the Drum,' which has called forth the following spirited rejoinder from Mr. J. W. R. Collins (formerly of Glasgow), now of Philadelphia, and I feel sure it will greatly interest your readers. It was contributed to the Philadelphia *Evening Star*."

Having been a reader of the *Evening Star* for a good many years, I would like to add a line or two to your comments upon the article of David Graham Adee, in *Lippincott's Magazine*, for October, on "The Ballad of the Drum."

As Mr. Adee has committed so many blunders in his short article, I have considered it only right that the public should be put in possession of the correct history of the song in question.

(The "Ballad of the Drum," according to Mr. Adee, was written by Burns, and is to be found in that wonderful conglomeration called "The Jolly Beggars," among the best things that Burns ever wrote. It is not a very respectable song, and I should not like to sing it in select circles. Here are the opening lines:

> I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
> And show my cuts and scars wherever I come:
> This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
> When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

In the first place, Alexander Hamilton fought the duel with Burr on the 11th of July, 1804, and not on the 7th, as stated by Mr. Adee.)

It is quite possible Hamilton sang the "Ballad of the Drum" at the banquet on July 4, 1804, but it is not possible that he sang it, according to Mr. Adee, in the presence of Washington, when he (Hamilton) and Burr "were young aides-de-camp upon the staff of the Commander-in-chief," since Washington resigned his commission on the 23d of December, 1783, two years before the song was written, which was in 1785, as Mr. Adee admits further on in his article.

Mr. Adee says the song was printed in Glasgow in 1798. If he will consult the Bibliography of Burns, or any stand-

ard edition of the poet's works, he will find 1799 to be the year.

Mr. Adee goes on to speak of Dr. Currie's "first collected and complete edition of the poems of Burns, Liverpool, 1800," thereby intimating that the song appears therein. Here he is again wrong, since "The Jolly Beggars" was not printed in that collection, nor in the subsequent copyright editions of Currie. In fact, Currie left it out purposely, as he did many more of Burns's rather broad pieces. Currie's was a most incorrect and incomplete edition; the date of the poet's birth he gave as January 29, instead of the 25th, which caused the Scottish Burns's Association to celebrate January 29 for about ten years. This blunder has been continued in reprints of Currie's edition in this country as late as 1851.

Mr. Adee further says: "The song was at once caught up by the people and chanted everywhere," and "So popular was Burns's 'Jolly Beggars' with both Lowlanders and Highlanders that it was printed in a cheap song-book and hawked about city and country by itinerant pedlars." As the song was not printed until 1799, fourteen years after it was written, and three years after the poet's death, his statement is worthless.

As "The Jolly Beggars" is reckoned by many of the poet's biographers as his "masterpiece," perhaps the history of it may be of interest. One night, toward the close of the year 1785, Burns and two of his friends (James Smith and John Richmond) dropped into the ale house of Mrs. Gibson, better known as "Poosie Nancy," in Mauchline, Ayrshire, where they found in the large room a number of vagrants, beggars, pedlars, etc., having a jollification, in fact, a "roaring time." Shortly after that the poet composed the cantata of "The Jolly Beggars," and recited it to Richmond. Robert Chambers, the eminent Scottish writer and publisher, interviewed Richmond before issuing his edition of Burns, in 1839, and comments as follows:

The poem (The Jolly Beggars) was not a favorite with his (the poet's) mother and brother, and it does not appear that the poet ever contemplated giving it to the world. On the contrary, he laid it aside, and in a few years had ceased to remember its existence. On being reminded of it by Mr. George Thomson in 1793, he says, in a passage hitherto unedited of the letter dated 13th September of that year:

" I have forgot the cantata you allude to, as I kept no copy, and indeed did not know of its existence. However, I remember that none of the songs pleased myself, except the last, something about ' Courts for cowards were erected.' "

We find that the poet presented Richmond with a portion of the MSS. (not containing " The Ballad of the Drum," however,) and the following year, 1786, gave the balance of the MSS. to a Mr. David Woodburn. The latter gave it to a Mr. McLimont, who in turn gave it to a Mr. Smith, of Greenock, and it finally reached the hands of Mr. Stewart, of Glasgow, who, in conjunction with a Mr. Meikle, printed it in 1799. John Richmond subsequently turned his portion of MSS. over to Stewart, and the entire " Cantata " was finally published. The MSS. was advertised for sale in the newspapers of Glasgow in 1853, price fifty guineas, or about $262, and was purchased by Gilbert Burns, nephew of the poet, and was in his possession in 1881, when information as to its whereabouts was obtained for the biography of the poet, published in Kilmarnock in that year.

The poet considered " Tam O' Shanter " as his masterpiece. John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law of Scott, who, besides giving us the best life of Scott, has given us one of the best biographies of Burns, and many others competent to judge, are of opinion that the poet's works would suffer more by leaving out " The Cottar's Saturday Night " than if any other single piece were omitted.

It is only within the present generation that the complete works of Burns have been given to the public. The manuscripts have been nearly all traced and examined, and the correct language of the poet ascertained. The six-volume edition published in Philadelphia in 1886, by George Gebbie, is acknowledged by not only publishers but by Burns authorities throughout the world, to be the finest and most complete yet issued.

The writer has handled many of Burns's MSS., and possesses one of the largest collections of Burnsiana in America. A curious little volume of Scottish and English songs which I have, published in London, in 1763 (when Burns was four years old), contains a cantata entitled " The Beggar's Wedding," which I believe had something to do with " The Jolly Beggars " production. The poet admits having taken, as a sample, one song which appears in this book, and it is reasonable to suppose he was ac-

quainted with "The Beggar's Wedding." Any one who has studied Burns, and Scottish song prior to his time, can point out where he has taken the inferior, and often vulgar, songs of that period and turned them into gems.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES W. R. COLLINS.

Mr. Collins will permit me to add to his most interesting criticism, Carlyle's estimate of the poem from which the Drum Song is taken. Carlyle writes:

Perhaps we may venture to say that the most strictly poetical of all his poems is one which does not appear in Currie's edition, but has often been printed before and since under the humble title of "The Jolly Beggars." The subject truly is among the lowest in nature; but it only the more shows the poet's gift in reducing it to the domain of art. To our minds this piece seems thoroughly compacted, melted together, refined, and poured forth in one flood of true liquid harmony. It is light, airy, and soft of movement, yet sharp and precise in its details; every face is a portrait; that rauck Carlin, that wee Apollo, that Son of Mars, are Scottish yet ideal, the scene is at once a dream, and the very Ragcastle of Poosie Nansie. Farther, it seems in a considerable degree complete; a real self-supporting whole, which is the highest merit in a poem. The blanket of the night is drawn asunder for a moment; in full ruddy, flaming light, these rough tattardemalions are seen in their boisterous revel; for the strong pulse of life vindicates its right to gladness even here, and when the curtain closes, we prolong the action, without effort; the next day is the last our Caird and our Balladmonger are singing and soliciting, their brats and collets are hawking, begging, cheating, and some other night in new combinations they will wring from fate another hour of wassail and good cheer. Apart from the universal sympathy with man which this again bespeaks in Burns, a genuine inspiration and no inconsiderable technical talent are manifested here. There is the fidelity, humor, warm life and accurate painting and grouping of some Terriers, for whom hostlers and carousing peasants are not without significance. It would be strange, doubtless, to call this the best of Burns's writings; we mean to say only that it seems to us the most perfect of its kind,

as a piece of poetical composition, strictly so called. In The Beggar's Opera, The Beggar's Bush, as other critics have already remarked, there is nothing which in real poetic vigor equals this cantata; nothing as we think which comes within many degrees of it.

The verses to which Burns refers as what he himself preferred in "The Jolly Beggars," occur at the end. I quote the two concluding stanzas and chorus, in order, as far as possible to make this little story complete. I do not see much in it even to have won the author's commendation. It has the lilt and go, I am afraid, the lawlessness of a drinking song, no more:

Life is all a variorum
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets,
Here's to all the wandering train,
Here's our ragged hats and collets
One and all cry out amen!

A fig for those by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast:
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

A VISIT TO THE BURNS COTTAGE.

A FRIEND recently paid a visit to the Land of Burns, and in writing of it says:—The room in which Burns was born, and which had to serve the general uses of the family, it being the residence *in toto* during the occupation of his father and for years afterwards, is only 16 feet by 12, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. I found it to contain three or four deeply-interesting memorials of the family, namely, the old wall-bedstead on which the poet was brought into existence, as well as the old family clock, cupboard and dresser. In Burns's time, he being eight years old when his father removed from the cottage, or rather mud hut, to Mount Oliphant, a distance of some two miles, what must have been then this miserable hovel had but one small window of

four panes, this window being less than two feet square in dimensions. An addition was made a few years subsequent to Old William Burnes entering on the Mount Oliphant farm, while later still (in 1847) a spacious hall was erected, this being 36 feet by 20, and of corresponding altitude. Dinner parties avail themselves of it, and in it clubs hold their meetings. Mr. Morley, the present lessee of the cottage and of the inn annexed, I found to be an Englishman, and one of the Gallant Six Hundred who rode into "the valley of death" in the Charge of the Light Brigade at Baaclava. He was a sergeant in the 17th Lancers, and was subsequently a captain and cavalry inspector in the North American army during the war that took place in the United States, and in one of the great battles of which he was severely wounded. Latterly, he has been sergeant-major of the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry. I found Mr. Morley to be a courteous gentleman, a native of Nottingham, while his good wife belongs to Derby. Scrupulous cleanliness prevails throughout the cottage proper and its adjuncts, and such is the sacred regard entertained on the premises for the memory of the ever-to-be-lamented Bard that even the proverbially-innocent glass of beer is not allowed to be consumed in the apartment in which poor Burns first saw that light that beamed on him so brilliantly, and yet alas! so unfortunately!

I may remark that there are no memorials of the Burns's family at Mount Oliphant and that the old schoolhouse in the village of Dalrymple, which Burns attended after his father left Alloway, has disappeared, its site being now occupied by a neat-looking Free Church. Dalrymple is one of the most charming villages I have ever put foot in, being thoroughly cleanly throughout, and most romantically situated. The silvery Doon flows at its southern end, and within a "short mile" of it rise Casillis Downans, where the glowing imagination of Burns makes the fairies hold high revel on Hallowe'en Night.

Leaving the cottage and proceeding in a southerly direction, a walk of some five minutes or so brought me to Alloway Kirk, the scene of many of the important events sketched in the glorious poem of "Tam O'Shanter." I expected to find the old kirk very much longer and broader than it turned out to be, for its proportions seemed to me to be exceedingly circumscribed indeed. On entering the

burial ground by the steps in front, I found the last sleeping-place of the Bard's father, mother, and sister, Mrs. Begg, challenging my notice, though I have since been informed that the ashes of his mother repose elsewhere. The old ruin is now pretty well covered with ivy. The roof has succumbed, I presume to the desolating influences of time, but I observed that the old bell still remains in its place. The graves, monuments, and walks seem to be very nicely kept, and the deil-famed "winnock bunker in the east" is discernible from the southern aspect of the ruin. What was once the interior of the kirk is now a place of vaults, and over the iron gate or doorway of one of the entrances on the south side I found the figures "1516"—presumably, I suppose, the date of the erection of the old kirk. It is a pleasant little graveyard, that is, if such a place, involving so many thoughts of what we ourselves shall all be some day, can really be pleasant under any circumstances! I found tombstones, horizontal as well as upright, bearing remote dates. Within some four or five hundred yards of the old kirk, I found the "Auld Brig o' Doon," where Tam O'Shanter's good mare Maggie so treacherously lost her tail. This is really a grand old bridge, of one arch span, and standing many yards above the bed of the river. I found innumerable initials and dates more or less rudely cut into the stones of the projecting walls on either side, and I was successful in knocking off a piece from one of the most venerable-looking fellows I could see in one of these parapets—this, of course, to be retained no less as a *memento* of my own visit than of that triumphant genius whose fadeless creative flashes had won me to make such a pilgrimage. This old bridge furnishes every evidence of antiquity.

Between Alloway Kirk and the "Auld Brig of Doon," Burns's Monument stands. Its existence, is mainly due to the enterprise of the late Sir Alexander Boswell, an ardent admirer of the Bard. The monument is upward of 60 feet high, and cost about £2,000. Here I found many relics of Burns, including, amongst others, the Kilmarnock edition of his poems, 1786; a letter in his own handwriting to the Honorable Henry Erskine; three rings—one containing a lock of Burns's own hair, another the hair of his daughter, the third being the wedding ring of his wife, Jean Armour, better known by the more familiar *soubriquet* of "Bonnie Jean"; two drinking glasses, presented by Burns to

"Clarinda" (Mrs. M'Lehose, of Edinburgh); two Bibles presented by Burns to Mary Campbell, that Highland Mary whom he loved with such singular and unalterable devotion, and which had been recovered in America; the romantic document drawn up by Burns himself, and on which he and Mary Campbell record their eternal fidelity to each other, this document bearing their signatures, and also some hieroglyphics which I took to be Masonic, and do not understand. I need scarcely say with what inexpressible interest I gazed on these saddening memorials of beings for ever endeared to all the true-hearted of our race. In a little cottage, in the grounds surrounding the monument, and which grounds by-the-by are very neatly and trimly kept, I found the statues, by Thom, of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny—the first the rollicking, deep-drinking Douglas Graham, a farmer of Carrick Shore, the other his "trusty, drouthy crony," John Davidson, a shoemaker in Ayr. These statues had been widely exhibited both in Scotland and England, and had proved serviceable in raising a goodly portion of the £2,000 expended in the erection of the monument. Even yet they occasionally prove so magical, I have been told, that well-bred ladies have been found, and this more than once, to have surmounted the obstacle of getting over an iron railing in front of the statues—this railing three and a half or four feet high—and have been actually detected in the act of embracing and kissing these icy, soulless representatives of two of the great Bard's immortal heroes.

WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

It is well known that this fine song was originally written as a tribute of the poet's admiration for the beautiful Lucy Johnston, wife of Richard A. Oswald, of Auchencruive, at the time residing in Dumfries, and that when Burns sent it for insertion in *Johnson's Museum*, he had altered the name of "Lucy" to "Jean" and "Jeanie"—probably meant for Jean Lorimer, the poet's "Chloris" and "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks."

In May, 1795, Burns enclosed the song in a letter to John Syme, asking him whether he thought he might venture to present it to Mrs. Oswald. This also is well known

to readers of Burns's correspondence; but no mention, so far as I have been able to ascertain, has been made by any editor of his works of the interesting fact that the song was first printed in the *Glasgow Magazine* for September 1895—a copy of the first volume of which has been recently acquired for the Glasgow Mitchell Library; strange to say, it is not in the British Museum or the Advocates' Library—with "Jean" and "Jeanie" substituted for "Lucy" and a few other necessary modifications. The song will be found on page 155 of that scarce Glasgow periodical under the heading of "Song, by Robert Burns (never before published)."

In the copy written for Mrs. Oswald the third line of the chorus reads—

The fairest dame's in yon toun

in the version printed in *Glasgow Magazine*—

The fairest maid's in yon toun.

Line 2 of the third verse (not reckoning the chorus, with which the song begins)—

And on yon bonnie banks of Ayr;

line 4—

And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair;

these read thus in *G. M.*—

Amang the broomy braes sae green;
And dearest treasure is my Jean.

Next verse, third line, for "Lucy," "Jeanie;" next verse, fourth line, for "tend," "tent;" last verse but one, fourth line, for "Lucy," "Jeanie;" and first line of last verse—

For while life's dearest blood is warm.

reads in *G. M.*—

For while life's dearest blood runs warm.

Mr Scott Douglas, in his edition of the works of Burns, appends a long note to this charming song, in which he re-

marks that "it was no unusual thing with Burns to shift the devotion of a verse from one person to another," but, like preceding commentators on the poet's writings, he evidently believed that the song of "Wat ye wha's in you toun" was first printed in *Johnson's Museum.*

THE LAST ILLNESS OF ROBERT BURNS.

FROM THE LANCET.

A QUESTION has arisen as to the cause of the death of the poet Burns. In those days no accurate life histories of disease were written or possibly even thought of. The data for diagnosis of the poet's last malady or of his constitutional type consist, therefore, merely of the statements, somewhat colored, of his friends respecting his symptoms or the opinions of his medical advisers. Nevertheless there is enough to justify the bringing forward a suggestion on a subject which is not without interest in connection with the later advances of medical knowledge. Two points are prominent in the physical state of Robert Burns, as far as it has been recorded, and these are evident throughout his life—great development of muscular strength and a sympathetic excitability of unusual acuteness. Proofs of this latter state appeared as early as the age of 13 in a tendency to melancholy headache. Before 30 was reached palpitation, with threatened attacks of syncope, had become common. It is to be noted that this symptom showed itself after a period of celebrity and luxurious dissipation in Edinburgh. At 35 we find him complaining to a friend that he "suffers for the follies of youth," and that "flying gout" has attacked him; also that he has been seized with an "accidental complaint." But he still appears to have passed for a vigorous man.

Here we trace the entrance of another element or elements of disease unobserved until then. A year later, after a deep potation, he was chilled, suffered from fever with rheumatic joint symptoms, followed by emaciation, muscular tremors, and death in seven months. In this recital, then we find, first, a strongly neurotic basis for the action of disease, a nervous system very active, overwrought, and we may suppose at times over-nourished,

within the verge of morbid congestion. Serious disease need not have followed by this alone in a constitution so elastic; but on this system so tried is cast the burden of continued dissipation, and subsequently that of actual acute disease. Is it remarkable that it should have proved unequal to the triple strain? All are aware how badly the neurotic type resists the effect of convivial indulgence. The professional mind will recognize, moreover, the readiness with which structures overtaxed by exercise become the selected seats of inflammation. We cannot forget these facts in estimating the meaning of "flying gout" and "rheumatism" as applied to the illness of Burns. While, therefore, it is impossible to gauge exactly the casual influence of gout, rheumatism, "or the follies of youth," the final and only grave illness of the poet presents to our mind a history and features further indicative of inflammatory mischief in the spinal cord.

WHITTIER AND BURNS.

THE following pointed letter from John G. Whittier was read at a Washington Burns Festival. It was addressed to Mr. M. S. Morris.

AMESBURY, 1st month, 18th day, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND:—I thank the club represented by thee for remembering me on the occasion of its annual festival. Though I have never been able to trace my ancestry to the land o' Cakes, I have—and I know it is saying a great deal—a Scotchman's love for the poet whose fame deepens and broadens with years. The world has never known a truer singer. We may criticise his rustic verse and compare his brief and simple lyrics with the works of men of longer scrolls and loftier lyres; but after rendering to Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning the homage which the intellect owes to genius, we turn to Burns, if not with awe and reverence, with a feeling of personal interest and affection. We admire others, we love him. As the day of his birth comes round I take down his well-worn volume in grateful commemoration, and feel that I am communing with one whom living I could have loved as much for his true manhood and native nobility of soul as for those won-

derful songs of his which shall sing themselves forever. They know little of Burns who regard him as an aimless versifier—"the idle singer of an idle lay." Pharisees in the Church, and oppressors in the State know better than this. They felt those immortal sarcasms which did not die with the utterer, but lived on to work out the Divine commission of Providence. In the shout of enfranchised millions, as they lift the untitled Quaker of Rochdale into the British Cabinet, I seem to hear the voice of the Ayrshire poet—

> "For a' that an' a' that,
> It's comin' yet for a' that,
> That man to man the world o'er
> Shall brithers be for a' that."

With hearty sympathy and kind greetings for the Burns Club of Washington,—I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

GLEANINGS FROM THE POETS ON SCOTIA'S BARD.

THE waning suns, the wasting globe,
Shall spare the minstrel's story;
The centuries weave his purple robe.
The mountain mist of glory!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

For he whose mortal clay, and marvellous worth,
We strive to honor with our yearly presence,
Was of that clay so seldom found on earth,
On which the gods bestow their purest essence.

—*T. Buchanan Read.*

Fair Ellisland! thou dearest spot
To each true-hearted stalwart Scot,
When I forget thy small white cot
And winding river,
Sheer from my thought may memory blot,
All trace forever.

—*Prof. Blackie.*

Lessons like these the soul of man shall cherish,
While through his heart the ardent life-blood springs;
One burning thought at least can never perish—
An honest man's above the might of kings.
—*Joseph Cunningham.*

All ask the cottage of his birth;
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung;
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.
—*Halleck.*

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.
But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?
—*Whittier.*

His words make cowards brave;
Hope to the bruised returns;
The tyrant trembles lest his slave
Should hear a song of Burns's!
—*Henderson.*

Farewell! high chief of Scottish song,
That could'st alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.
—*Thos. Campbell.*

The ploughman bard strode o'er thy sward,
His triumph car the plough,
And the red ridge of Scottish soil
Behind him grandly lay,
Painted with the daisy's crimson tip,
The rough burr thistlehead;
And the rough print of the ploughman's shoe,
Shoe of the deathless dead.
—*Ross.*

For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

—*Isabella Craig Knox.*

His soul pursues us when we roam,
Beyond the farthest waves;
He sheds the light of love and home
Upon our loneliest graves!
Poor is the slave that honors not
The flag he first unfurl'd—
Our singer who has made the Scot
The freeman of the world!

—*Robert Buchanan.*

Australia loves him, India too, as tho'
He had but died yestreen;
Columbia knows the "Banks o' Doon," and
Afric sings of "Bonnie Jean!"

—*W. S. Ross.*

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for he was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

—*Wm. Wordsworth.*

Peace to the dead! In Scotia's choir
Of the minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.

—*James Montgomery.*

He lashed the bigot; his the creed
Embracing all humanity;
A conscience clear in word and deed,
One Father, God; and brethren we.

—*Robert Leighton.*

'Mid shouts and cheers the curtain fled—
We gazed with joy and awe by turns:
A laurel crown entwined the head—
The sculptured form was—Robert Burns.
—*Miles Macphail.*

We sing a name to which the heart of Scotland ever turns,
The master singer of us all, *our* ploughman, Robert Burns.
—*Alex. Anderson.*

First Doon's banks and braes contained it,
Then his country form'd its span;
Now the whole world is its empire,
And its throne, the heart of man!
—*D. M. Moir.*

Nay, more, it is no idle dream
That we have heard a voice from heaven,
"*Behold this heart hath loved much,*
And much to it shall be forgiven."
—*Agnes M. Machar.*

Bard of the social circle! soul of fire,
That scorned the proud of earth in righteous ire;
Thou hast breathed strains of hope in sorrow's ear,—
"A man's a man"—why should he shrink or fear?
* * * * * *
Nobles their lesson from thy page may learn,
And peasant souls with nobler ardor burn.
—*W. D. Bonar.*

"And wear thou this," she solemn said,
"And bound the holly round his head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play;
And like a passing thought she fled
In light away."
—*Miller.*

Hail to the land whose poet son he was!
Hail to the land that fought in freedom's cause!
Hail to its love of song that burns so clear!
With hand to hand as brethren let us seek
The virtue void of art—the patient pride that's meek.
—*Dr. John M. Harper.*

Burns scorned to snool round rank or throne,
Fause-tonged an' tame:
Till death, his heart was freedom's own;
Be ours the same.
—*Thomas Fraser.*

An' lang may Scotland lo'e her bard,
His memory gi'e its due reward,
For while the daisy decks the sward,
An' heads have harns,
The matchless songs will still be heard
O' Robert Burns.
—*Robert Ford.*

Whene'er I sang late at the milkin' my kye,
I look up to heaven an' say with a sigh,
Although he's now gane, he was king o' them a'—
Ah! there's nae bard o' Nature sin' Robin's awa'.
—*James Hogg.*

That little "cottage" thatched with straw
Still speaks the truth he loved to sing;
A glorious manhood free to a',
Which titles could not make or bring.
Mansions of rank are poor indeed
Beside this cottar's lonely shed,
And pride is humbled as it turns
To cross the porch of Robert Burns.
—*Wallace Bruce.*

Robin, Robin, with happy mind
We bless the heavens that sent you here,
When men were deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And could not hear dear Nature sing,
Nor touch love's tender human string,
Nor see in each free man a king,
Till thrilled by you—man without fear,
Then woke the land, all eye, all ear,
Tongue, trumpet-clear!
Robin, Robin.

—*Wm. Freeland.*

For nae name does Fame record,
Nae name ava,
By Caledonia mair ador'd
Than Robin's, that's awa'.

—*James Stirrat.*

The more the marvel of his muse we measure,
The more he fills us with perpetual pleasure.

—*Wm. Murray.*

O! give me Nature's artless child
Who spurns all gaudy tinsel glare,
Like him who sang his "wood notes wild"
Upon the bonnie banks of Ayr.

—*Wm. Glen.*

Then, while unto the happy past the eye of fancy turns,
Raise high the fame, and bless the name of glorious Robert Burns—

—*James Macfarlan.*

By song he crush'd the pride of birth,
Taught man to love his brother man,
And showed the power of sense and worth,
To glorify life's little span.

—*Colin R. Brown.*

While worth shall hold on earth a place,
And earth upon its axis turns,
The hand of time will not efface
Thy golden gems, immortal Burns!

—*William Hogg.*

Then ope the volume where ye please, ye canna far wrang,
Though you should read Glencairn's Lament or some bit canty sang;
We've read the hale o' them before, we'll read them yet by turns,
For naething comes amiss, ye ken, that comes frae Robin Burns.

—*John Mitchell.*

What chord, from rapture to despair,
But thou did'st move!
Yet on thy front dost chiefly wear
Friendship and Love!

—*Rev. A. J. Lockhart.*

And weakest souls beneath his spell
Have gathered strength as he who spurns
The might of tyrants—it is well!
God bless you, Robert Burns.

—*John Macfarlan.*

He sang the Kirk, he sang the State,
He sang o' man freeborn,
An' wae betide his silly pate
Who was o' sense forlorn;
He sounded Superstition's knell,
Struck death to Slavery;
When his indignant soul would swell,
Farewell to Knavery.

—*John Kelso Kelly.*

Then hail the day old Scotia's sons have calendared with pride,
The natal day, which thousands greet in many a land beside,
When Robert Burns, the proudest name on Scotland's record traced—
Was given—a boon, to light and cheer and beautify life's waste.

—*Sarah Parker Douglas.*

For he shall live, and shall live on, when all those years are past;
While harvests wave and rivers run, while pangs and passions last;
He'll be till Nature's final hour looks worn in Nature's face,
A man, a presence, and a power to move the human race.
—*Rev. Wm. Buchanan.*

'Tis past! and yet there lives a voice
That thrills the chords among;
'Tis Scotland's song shall be of Burns
Who gave to Scotland song.
—*R. Gilfillan.*

Praise to the child—the chief of song,
And may as monumental urns,
All hearts bear on them deep and strong
The memory of Burns!
—*James Imlah.*

Where Panges rolls his yellow tide,
Where blest Columbus' waters glide,
Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,
Shall oft rehearse,
With sorrow some, but all with pride
Thy "witching verse."
—*Edward Rushton.*

One toast I'll give, and that not long,
Which thou would'st pledge if present,
To him whose song, in Nature strong,
Makes man of Prince and Peasant.
—*Lowell.*

His merits proven—Fame her blast has blown,
Now Scotia's Bard o'er all the world is known—
But trembling doubts here check my unpolished lays,
What can *they* add to a whole world's praise?
Yet, while revolving time this day returns,
Let Scotchmen glory in the name of Burns.
—*Tannahill.*

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth—his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

—*Longfellow.*

Still king of men and bards thou art,
O! Burns thou need'st not fear eclipse,
True poesy rooted in thy heart
And blossomed on thy lips!

—*James D. Crichton.*

Thy lays have seared the tyrant's heart,
Like flaming bars of hottest steel,
But raised the poor to know their right,
To think as men—as men to feel,—
Immortal Burns!

—*Francis Bennoch.*

The saintly cynic whiles may sneer at Robert Burns's name,
The cantin' hypocrite may jeer, and cry out "fie, for shame!"
But let them jeer, and let them sneer, there's no ae honest Scot
But pledges Rantin' Robin in a wee drappie o't.

—*A. H. Wingfield.*

While breezes soft the sweet bluebell shall woo—
While on our moors upstarts the sturdy thistle—
While at the gates of heaven the lavrocks whistle,
While woman trusts to man, and man is true—
While o'er the "Banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon"
The rich-songed mavis darts—
While heather scents the smiling summer noon—
Will Burns live in our hearts.

—*Wm. Thomson.*

And low and high, the cynic and the sage,
Shall o'er thy musings drink of joy divine;
All men enraptured scan the wondrous page,
Thy lowly grave become the world's shrine;
Earth's bards united, hail thee minstrel king,
While to thy praise their throbbing lyres ring!
—*Robert Hogg.*

Here's to the social honest man,
Auld Scotland's boast and pride!
And here's to Freedom's worshipers
Of every tongue and tribe.
—*Ainslie.*

While his native vales among,
Love is felt, and beauty sung,
Hearts will beat, and harps be strung
For Burns and Caledonia!
—*Rev. John Burtt.*

The Scot to whom the world sends greeting,
The Bard we weary not repeating,
The Burns whose star is fixed unfleeting,
In heaven set;
The man with heart for puir folk beating—
Dinna forget.
—*MacCulloch.*

To Burns! to Burns!—the king of song!
Whose lyre shall charm all ages;
Mirth, wisdom, love and satire strong,
Adorn his deathless pages.
—*Andrew Park.*

Yet be his cairn however high,
No Scot can mutely pass it by;
The tribute of a song and sigh
Let's therefore give to Robin.
—*Evan MacColl.*

He rose and sang, and Scotland heard—
The round world echoed with his song,
And hearts in every land were stirred
With love, and joy, and scorn of wrong.
—*Thomas W. Parsons.*

And loud the Wabash did deplore
That no brave poet voice had she,
To lend her fame for ever more;
The night you quoted Burns to me.
—*James N. Matthews.*

We are one at heart as Britain's sons,
Because you join our clasping hands,
While one electric feeling runs
Thro' all the English lands;
And near or far where Britons band,
To-day the leal and true heart turns,
More fondly to the fatherland
For love of Robert Burns.
—*Gerald Massey.*

Farewell, great Bard!—and yet why say farewell
When to his semblance here, the vision turns?
While memory bids the glaring bosom swell
As pride and pleasure point to Robert Burns.
—*William Reid.*

Wi' manly independent breast
Richt bauldly he himself exprest
Before the rich, though he their guest
And lords did think that they kenned best
O'er Athole brose.
—*George L. Reid.*

An' far through the vista o' the ages I see
That where manhood exults or misery mourns,
They'll hae balm to their waes, they'll hae gust to their glee,
In the life-breathin' sangs o' oor ain Robbie Burns.
—*Jno. McIntosh.*

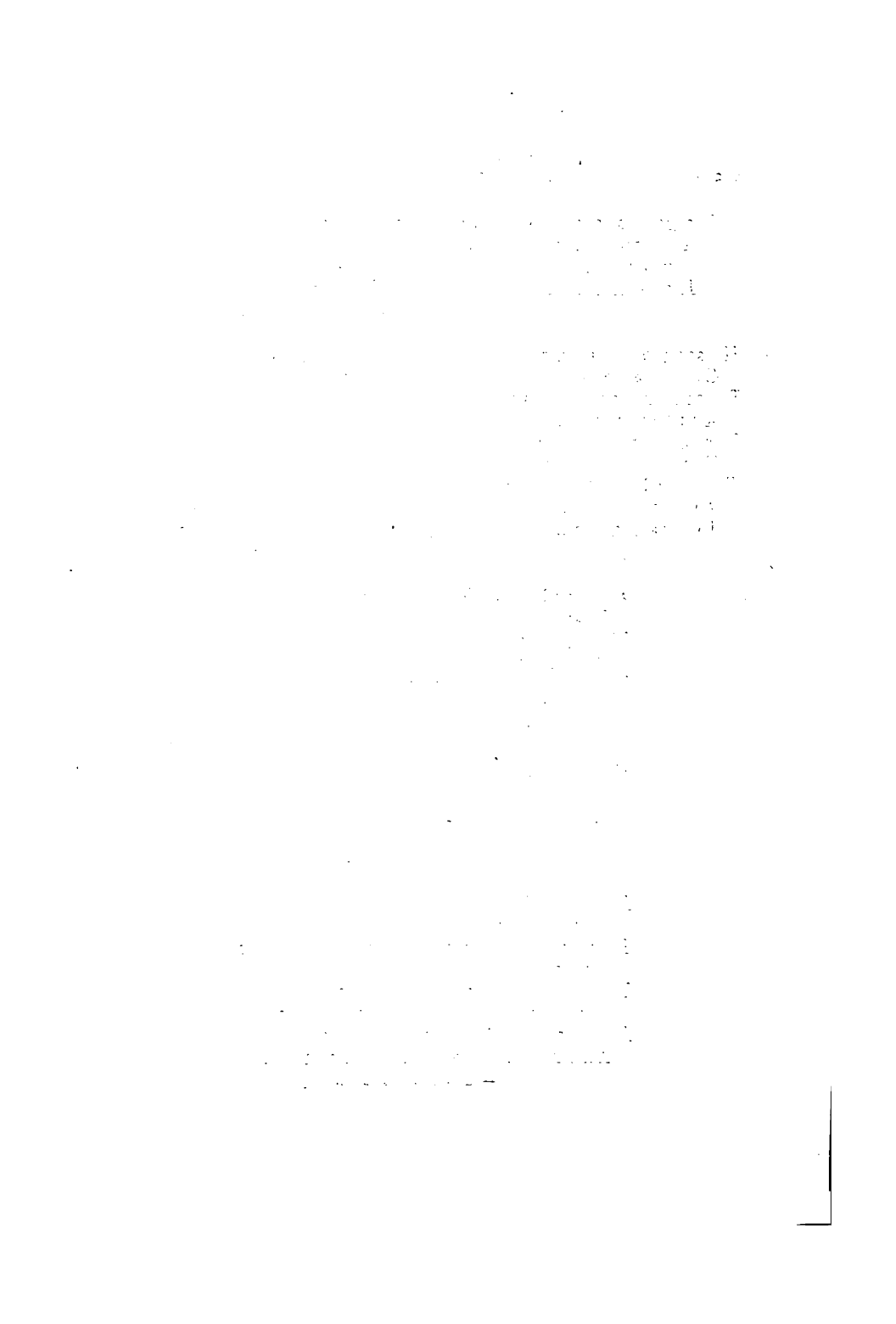
And long as Scotland foremost stands
Amid the faithful and the free,
The words of Burns like living bands,
Shall link with her those stranger-lands,
Where'er our exiled brothers be.
—*Isabel Grahame Fullerton.*

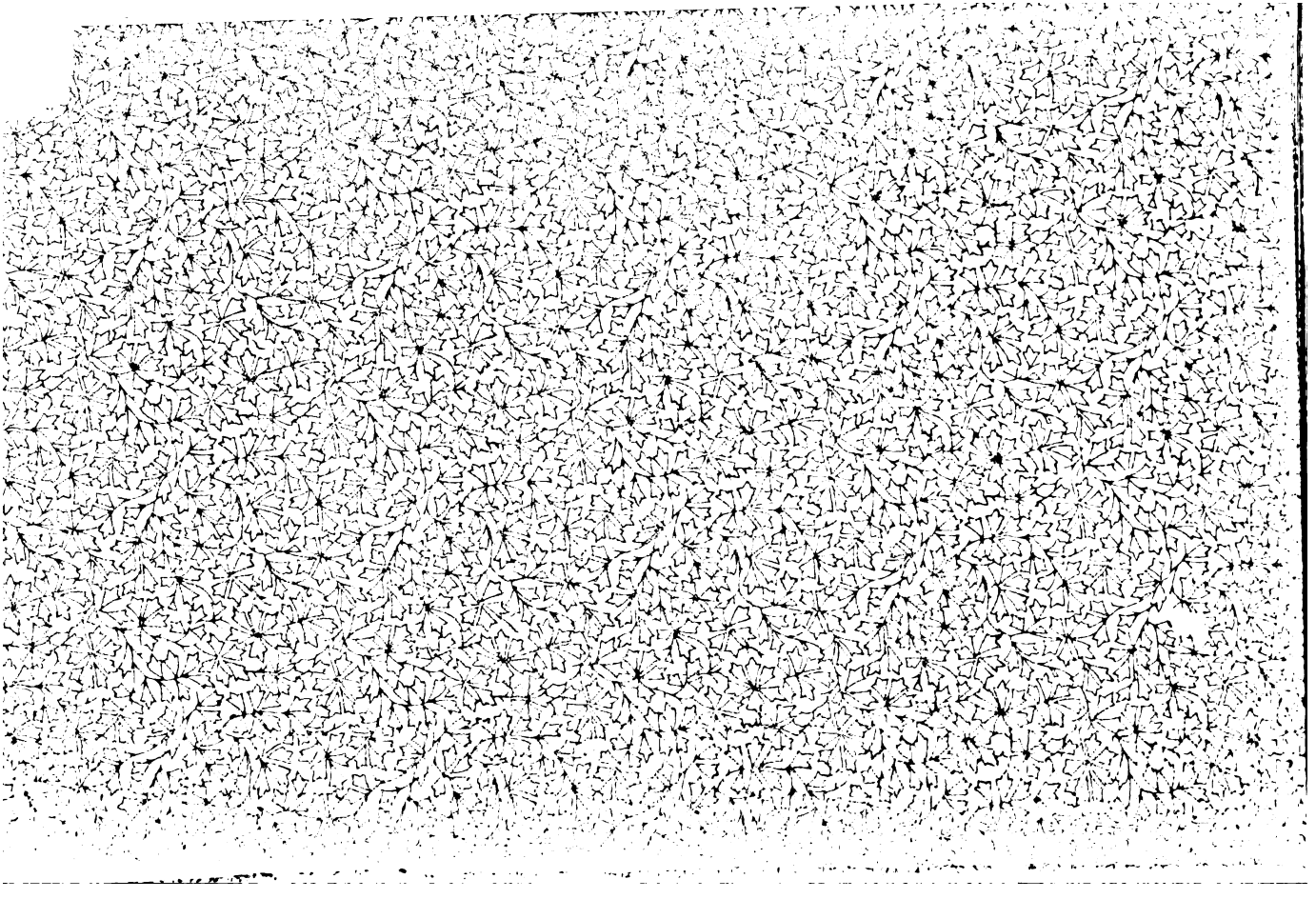
His genius, enshrined in generous breasts,
And spreads with Britain's tongue from zone to zone;
The glory of his birth with Scotland rests,—
His fame the universe claims for its own!
—*John Hogge Duffy.*

He sang of love, in warm impassioned strains,
Of human weal, and heart-felt human woe,
Burst in his scornful wrath Oppression's chains,
And taught the springs of Charity to flow;
The haughty tyrant's unrelenting foe,
The patriot's friend, of every age and clime,
He fanned to life the sympathetic glow,
And to mankind, in all succeeding time
Bequeath'd the deathless song of love and truth sublime.
—*John Finlay.*

And tender as a woman's own
That manly heart, while here,
That gave all misery groan for groan,
All suffering tear for tear;
The mousie's "wee bit" ruined nest
Sighs from his heart could call,
Immortal pity filled his breast,
Immortal love for all;
How quick with laughter to rejoice,
To grieve with grief, by turns,
To give all woes and joys a voice,
Still liv'st thou, Robert Burns!
—*W. C. Bennett.*

He touched our Country's ancient harp
With truest patriotic fire;
Forth thrilling came soul-stirring strains,
Man's nobler actions to inspire.
The Cottar's fireside 'neath his spell
Becomes at once a hallowed shrine;
His hymn to Mary swells the heart,
And fills the eye his Auld Lang Syne!
—*Duncan MacGregor Crerar.*





This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

AUG 16 66 H

113981

SEP 15 66

CANCELLED

17487.49.5
All about Burns.
Widener Library
003660969
3 2044 086 783 198